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The sports car America loved first.

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Next week

THE TERRORS OF TROON will test Lee Trevino, trying for his third straight British Open championship. Don Jenkins reports on the daring doings by Scotland's Firth of Clyde.

LEAN AND STILL HUNGRY. Jet Don Maynard begins his 16th year in pro ball, where he has survived on wit and speed. Gwyneth S. Brown profiles the game's svelte pass receiver.

SPLendor and often even savagery are marks of a developing art form, nature photography. Three distinguished practitioners present their works—and their thoughts.



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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

SOME CHANGES MADE

Three years ago Ed Donovan, now vice-president and general manager of the Buffalo Braves, proposed to the National Basketball Association that the foul-out rule be eliminated. He got a laugh-out response. Norm Drucker, American Basketball Association supervisor of officials, made the same suggestion in his league two years ago and got the same reaction.

But at the recent meeting of the ABA rules committee in San Diego, Drucker reiterated his proposal. To his shock he won unanimous approval both from the committee and from the ABA board of trustees. The new permissiveness will be tried experimentally in the ABA pre-season schedule.

The purpose of the change is to avoid audience disappointment when stars foul above the limit (six in the pro game, five in college). There are understandable fears that the move will encourage fouling, but harsher penalties for post-limit fouls are being considered—possibly an extra foul shot or loss of the ball.

Those who are dubious about the change went back to Dr. James Naismith who invented the game. What would he think?

In the introduction to his first published *Rules for Basket Ball* (1892) the general conditions included:

"It should be such as could be played by a large number of men at once. . . If a great number of men wish to play at once, two balls may be used at the same time, and thus the fun is augmented though some of the science may be lost. . . As many as 50 on a side have been accommodated."

Yes, but what about fouls? Rule No. 5 reads: "No shouldering, holding, pushing, tripping or striking in any way the person of an opponent shall be allowed; the first infringement of this rule by any player shall count as a foul, the second shall disqualify him until the next goal is made."

Over the years someone has changed

Dr. Naismith's rules. He wanted to keep the players in the game at the very beginning.

POLLUTION CONTROL IN NIPPON

There now are 10 million golfers in Japan, which is 10% of the nation's population, creating *gorufu kogu*, translated as "golf pollution." Of Japan's 47 prefectures, 36 have imposed restrictions on future golf course construction. Thickly populated Japan needs land. Golf courses are eating up property the localities feel might be put to better use.

THE HAT TRICK

First there was Casey Stengel stepping up to bat before a jeering Brooklyn crowd, lifting his cap and letting a live bird fly out. Now there is Jim Rosario, outfielder for the Phoenix Giants.

Playing at Albuquerque's Sports Stadium, Rosario lost his cap as he attempted a shoestring catch of a sinking liner, lost his balance and fell. When he got up to retrieve the ball it wasn't in sight. While the runner raced around the base paths Rosario searched frantically. Unable to find the ball, he finally picked up his cap in disgust. Under it was the ball—but by this time the batter was safely at third with a triple.



KILLER LOON

One of Maine's esthetic attributes is the eerie call of a loon on a quiet summer night. It has a quality of madness in it that is not otherwise duplicated in nature.

But there is one loon in Maine who if winning no friends to his aria. He is at it again—feasting on ducklings, baby horned grebes and the like on Lake Winnecook. It is a trait not entirely uncommon among adult loons but unusual enough to warrant resentment among bird lovers. They would like the killer loon to go away.

Jim Davis and his wife Alice recently watched a loon devour several ducklings of a flock of nine before the mother could get the rest of her brood into tall grass.

Last summer they had seen what they assumed to be the same loon gulp down eight ducklings. The mother duck saved but one of her brood.

This spring they saw about 23 horned grebes swim to shore and start feeding when suddenly the loon came up in the midst of them with outspread wings. He missed his meal because the birds were adults and took off in a hurry.

Only the other day the Davises were attracted by another commotion and, sure enough, it was the loon chasing a mother duck and 10 ducklings. Davis rushed to his mooring, started his outboard and raced to a position between the loon and the ducks.

"He had eaten two and had a third in his mouth," Davis says. "I managed to keep him away from the others and herded them into the grass before he could take any more."

It's a loony business.

THE EXCLUSIVES

Once there was a CPA in Saco, Maine who owned a 1967 Porsche. Each week Ernest H. Griswold had the same man wash and polish his car. Griswold died recently and willed the Porsche to the man who had washed it. He went a step further. He established a trust fund for perpetual maintenance of the car.

There are others in Maine who love a Porsche, it seems. Alan Mooney of New Jersey moved to the state a year ago. His first project: to start a Porsche club to replace in his heart the club he had left behind. The Maine association was born April 23 and on July 28 the Downeast Region of the Porsche Club of America

continued



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Back in the 1930's, you could always count on the rugged Ford Model A to get you where you wanted to go.

But if you had to bring along much more than a toothbrush, it took a lot of imagination. And rope.

In today's Ford Pinto, carrying space is engineered in. The Pinto Runabout, for example, has a lift-up rear door, fold-down rear seat, and 41.3 cubic feet of cargo space. (See diagram.) With the seat down, the cargo area is more than four feet deep, and every inch of it is carpeted.

But, even more important, ruggedness and durability are also engineered into Pinto.



Everything about the Ford Pinto has been engineered and designed with durability in mind. From the ball-joint front suspension shown here to the special rust-resistant brake line coating.



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The Pinto engine (left) was improved and perfected in over 10 years of actual driving in small Ford-built cars all over the world.

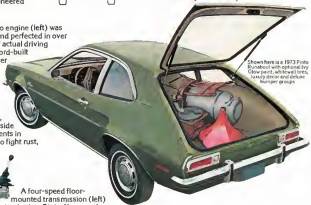
It's easy on gas, simple to maintain.

The Pinto body is welded into one solid piece of steel, with steel guard rails in the side doors and steel reinforcements in the roof. It's electrocoated to fight rust, and covered with five more coats of paint.



A four-speed floor-mounted transmission (left) is standard on Pinto. You can also get the optional automatic, of course.

The transmission is fully synchronized, and designed to be "lubed for life." All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.



Shown here is a 1973 Pinto Runabout with optional Ivy Glow paint, whitewall tires, luxury decal and deluxe bumper groups.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

FORD PINTO

FORD DIVISION 

will get its official charter at a banquet in Portland.

Porsche clubs have 8,800 active members in the U.S., but few of them face the difficulties of the Down Easters. Mooney says there are only about 200 Porsche owners in Maine, and of these, 39 already are members of the Down East chapter, most of them "technically oriented" because there are only two Porsche dealerships in the state and owners are not too keen on letting just any mechanic take a wrench to their prizes. Mooney does all the work on his car. Perhaps he should consider a trust fund, too.

CON GAME

Jim Kremmel of the Texas Rangers let loose a wild pitch with Eddie Leon of the White Sox at bat. When the ball was recovered Leon protested that he had been hit on the foot and was entitled to first base. As evidence he pointed to a black smudge on the ball. That, he said, is shoe polish.

Larry Barnett, plate umpire but no Sherlock Holmes, awarded first base to Leon.

The White Sox wear red shoes.

FAREWELL TO KC'S AMBROSIA

Bo Belinsky, visiting Kansas City as an American League pitcher years ago, sneered that the only thing to do there after eight o'clock at night was to catch the next plane out. But celebrated sportsmen as well as nonathletic visitors have long enjoyed going to Kansas City if for no other reason than the charcoal-broiled strip steaks that such stars as Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle and Al Kaline long have relished.

But now the traditional Kansas City steak is threatened, a possible victim of measures being taken against air pollution. In keeping with federal and state guidelines a Kansas City ordinance requires that by Sept. 1 special antipollution equipment must be installed on charcoal broilers. Thirty-nine city restaurants have already installed the devices but 43 others have closed down their charcoal broilers.

The devices prevent melted fat from dripping on the burning charcoal. But that is the very process which imparts a special flavor to the steaks. Steak houses and other restaurant owners have complained that enforcement of the ordinance will make it all but impossible to

get a classic Kansas City steak in a Kansas City eating place.

Glen Hopkins, special assistant city manager who supervises pollution control, concedes that "the pollution from charcoal broilers is a comparatively minor aspect of Kansas City's total pollution problem" and acknowledges that the charcoal broiler devices do eliminate the true charcoal-broiled flavor of the beef.

Restaurant owners are considering court action to save what could be Kansas City's best-known amenity.

THE FIREHORSE

Hemingway would have understood. At age 66 Johnny Longden wants to face the bulls again. It isn't just a daydream. Once the world's champion jockey, Longden is giving serious thought to a return to the saddle, which he abandoned to become a trainer in 1966 after posting 6,032 wins, a record since surpassed by Willie Shoemaker.

"Just a few races, maybe," Longden was saying the other day in Seattle. "I couldn't even think of coming back if I hadn't been working horses these past years. Oh, my rhythm won't be sharp right away and I'll probably get tired. But I feel pretty good. My weight is about 112. I have less trouble with it than when I was riding. I can eat all I want. . . ."

Longden would select his mounts from his own stable and consider their qualifications closely. Up to a few weeks ago he was thinking of riding a Round Table colt, Circle, in the Longsires Mile next month. Circle was retired to stud after a recent injury at Hollywood Park, but there are others who might inspire Longden to put on the silks.

"I wouldn't ride a horse I didn't think could win," he says. "He may not win—but I'll be planning on it. Fast Feller would be a good one. He'd give me a little advantage. He's got savvy and I've got savvy, and we could work together. And I've got this 2-year-old named Money Lender. I think he might be pretty nice. I wouldn't ride him this year, but maybe when he's three."

Let's see. When Money Lender is three his jockey will be 67. But don't bet you won't see it. Johnny Longden, wheeling a thundering runner through traffic, matching wits with other remsmen, driving for the finish line with that old competitive lust.

"Wouldn't that be something?" Johnny asks. Yes, it would.

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SCORECARD *continued*

NO AH'S, PLEASE

The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has a new \$3 million laboratory on Virginia Key in Biscayne Bay just off Miami. It is called NOAA's Ark.

DEATH OF AN ANTI-HERO

They're looking for a new mascot at Colorado State University, and Sarkis Arslanian, the football coach, does not want it to come from the University of Wyoming, which sold CSU its late unlamented mascot, Cam the Ram.

Cam has died at the age of seven. It was a natural death, though it could have been otherwise if some students had had their way. The CSU Livestock Club proposed last January that Cam be slaughtered and his head raffled off to raise money for a club project.

The reason for Cam's unpopularity was that he had been around for six straight losing football seasons (18-44-1). In that period Wyoming, a bitter rival, took six straight. In 1972 CSU went 1-10, beating only Texas-El Paso.

Cam was buried without ceremony or grave marker, though one student suggested that an inscription read:

Here lies Cam the Ram.

His soul should go to heaven.

He's lived through seven years of hell.

THEY SAID IT

• Tackle John Matuszak, No. 1 pick in the pro football draft, after signing with the Houston Oilers: "If you really like to play the game and go about it with unabashed enthusiasm, then you can play better. By unabashed enthusiasm I mean going crazy."

• Mrs. Penny Tweedy, owner of Secretariat, on the chance of breeding: "Secretariat has a half brother who looks like a potential winner. But he also has a half sister who couldn't outrun a fat man going downhill."

• Robin Roberts, the onetime pitching great: "If the National League adopts the designated hitter rule, Henry Aaron will hit 800 homers and play until he is 45."

• Bruce Deslin, pro golfer, on how environment affects his play: "If you like the people and conditions around you, you play better. That's how it is with me in Texas, where I've won three tournaments. I've never done any good in New York, and I think it's because I hate the damned place."

END

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A BLOOMIN' WINNER

By the time Billie Jean King and Chris Evert got to Centre Court last Saturday, the sacred grass was just about as tattered as all the other traditions at Wimbledon. Things were a bit scruffy, as they would say at the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club—hardly the setting for anything remarkable. But right there, in that brown and trampled scene, Billie Jean (see cover) put on an immaculate exhibition of tennis. Every move was crisp and clean in a first set that must rank as one of the gems of her career. She lost only nine points while beating Chris 6-0, and when she followed that with a 7-5 win she had captured her second straight Wimbledon title and her fifth in the eight times she had reached the finals there. Scruffy, indeed.

The performance was the one flawless highlight in a definitely flawed fortnight. Before Billie Jean and Chris courted in unison to the Royal Box, Wimbledon had been on its uppers.

One could scarcely grasp the tradition-shattering enormity of it all. Bookies were not only taking bets on the Nastase's chances of winning, but also on just when he would bend for a low volley and split his form-fitting shorts. Fried onions were banned from the concession stand under Court One because of odors that offended the spectators above. The male hero turned out to be no classiest of form and fashion, but a Swedish Beatle, 17-year-old Björn Borg, around whom swarmed coveys of squealing teeny-boppers adorned in such inspirational garb as sweat shirts proclaiming, "Borg is Beautiful." And more: hometown hero Roger Taylor, who lives by Wimbledon Common, committed 20 double faults on Centre Court, maybe the worst performance since 1877 when both finalists

That's what America's women made of an otherwise wilted Wimbledon, and in the end it was peerless Billie Jean King who was the show's finest flower

by JOE JARES

served sidearms. Which led to the final distress: for the first time there was an all-Communist men's final. Whither Britain, whither Australia, whither Empire?

Part of this occurred, of course, because Wimbledon was struck—not by the ball boys or hedge clippers, but by nearly all the leading men pros, members of the Association of Tennis Professionals. The tournament had banned Nikki Pilić because his own national federation had suspended him for not showing up to play Davis Cup matches for Yugoslavia. In turn, Pilić's ATP union brothers boycotted the tournament, a move that was treated by most of the British press like a plot to steal the crown jewels. Thus when Jan Kodeš of Czechoslovakia, originally the 15th seed, beat Russia's Alex Metreveli 6-1, 9-8, 6-3 in a dreary men's final, he joined the honor roll of champions all right, but with a huge asterisk beside his name.

There were other breaks with the past. This will be remembered as the Wimbledon in which Billie Jean King helped form a union of her own, the Women's Tennis Association, and became its president. Then, after she had won her fifth singles title, ninth doubles title (with Rosie Casals) and third mixed-doubles title (with Owen Davidson) for her second triple crown at Wimbledon, she went back to eating her beloved ice cream—vanilla, which somehow does not seem quite right for her. Early in the year she had

polished off a three-scoop sundae in Miami and vowed she would not touch the stuff again until after Wimbledon.

There are not as many esteemed names in women's tennis as there are in men's, but at least the women's Big Four was on the scene. The ingenues: Evert and Evonne Goolagong of Australia, who, according to one frustrated rival, "just saunters around at the same happy speed, hitting winners all over the place." And the old pros: Australian Margaret Smith Court, three-time Wimbledon champ, and King, at 29 playing in her 13th Wimbledon.

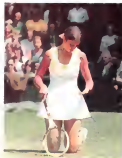
They were the four top seeds and they came through the draw to fight it out on Centre Court in the semifinals. King, Evert and Court had endured some three-set struggles along the way, but Goolagong had been gambling and straight-setting everybody she met, as comfortable on the grass as a wood nymph.

The fact that the semis came on the Fourth of July should have been a warning to the Aussies. Evert battled top-seeded Court first and obviously erased from her mind the nightmare Paris final a month before in which she was serving against Court for the French championship with a 5-3 lead and blew it. This time Evert won a statistically weird contest, 6-1, 1-6, 6-1, helped by her own passing shots and radar-guided lobs and Court's nine double faults. Evert played smoothly but Court was clearly not her dominating self, perhaps ground down by a heavy tournament schedule and the proximity of Bobby Riggs (playing in the elderly gents' doubles where he and part-

continued

Things looked rosy for Chris until the champ snuffed the daisies and came out swinging.





The first set brought Chris to her knees

WIMBLEDON *continued*

ner H. K. Richards were eliminated in the third round). King then marched into the hot arena and did not play particularly well but beat Goolagong 6-3, 5-7, 6-3 to set up the first all-American women's final since Althea Gibson beat Darlene Hard in 1957.

"Too bad we don't have little American flags to wave," said a U.S. journalist. "Maybe we should all wave our American Express cards."

(Across the Atlantic in Fort Lauderdale about this time the phone was ringing at the home of Jim Evert. He answered and a voice said, "Daddy, I won!" Whereupon the elder Evert said, "Who is this?" "It's Chris," the voice

replied. Proud papa later explained the exchange: young daughter Jeanne was playing in the national amateur clay championships in Chattanooga. "Their voices sound a lot alike," he muttered.)

This was Chris Evert's second Wimbledon—she lost in the semis last year and returned to Florida feeling blue—and she prepared for it by traveling the European circuit with her mother and her tennis-playing boyfriend, Jimmy Connors, whom she met in England last year. Besides the near-miss in Paris, she lost in the Rome final to Goolagong, got only three games from Virginia Wade at Nottingham, and at Queen's Club in London lost to Julie Heldman for the first time in five years. It was not exactly a disastrous tour, but it was not what many had expected of the queen of Florida clay. The word filtered out: get Chris away from palm trees and she is anything but invincible. Everybody already knew that she could not volley and that her overhead was not notable for its zing.

After her upset of Courti, any depression from her European misadventures was wiped away, and the embarrassing questions about when she and Connors would get engaged were easier to cope with, though Evert still blushed and became annoyed.

"I'd hoped that one day I'd be in a Wimbledon final, but I never thought I'd make it this year," she said on Wednesday. "Now it's all worth it to me. Reaching the finals at Wimbledon has made it all worth it."

Evert had a few things going for her besides her own crisp ground strokes. Father Vincent Kelly, principal of her high school in Fort Lauderdale, was on hand and presumably praying, and the Wimbledon crowd would be with her. A few years ago things were different. The fans had loved feisty Billie Jean Moffitt when she had first turned up as a 17-year-old, but now that she is a feisty conglomerate—camps, pro shops, shoe and racket endorsements, the new union, tennis clothes, another book in preparation, a personal secretary—they would prefer she didn't win so bloody much. One sympathetic columnist felt the need to urge the Wimbledon fans to "be nice to Billie Jean," and King herself swore

she saw some boys wearing Billie Jean King T shirts.

But King did not really need rooters. She has a better all-round game than Evert and far more experience. The King-Evert match was set for Friday, but it started raining just before play was to begin and the day's program was canceled. Since there are no rain checks at Wimbledon, the customers had to be content with watching the ground crew crank up a tent to cover Centre Court. The match was moved over to Saturday—to be played before the men's final—and it did not take up much time once it began. King's volleys were too deep and hard, Evert made far too many unforced errors and that startling first set was over in 17 minutes. Evert did put on a better show in the second set, but the issue never seemed in doubt.

When it was done, King talked about her passion for ice cream and of a 6-0, 6-1 loss she had suffered at the hands of Evert in Florida last year. "I've never forgotten that," she said. "I didn't hit one bloomer ball on the court. Today I wanted to prove to the people at home that I could play, too."

Meanwhile, on the men's side, one benefit of the boycott was that it gave a few young players the chance to make names for themselves, and there is no



Rodes (left) and Metrevel, the best the man had to offer, played a forgettable final



place in tennis more fitting than Wimbledon for name-making. Björn Borg, with his good looks, shy manner and long blond mane, stole the attention of most of the schoolgirls from Nastase—and with his two-fisted backhand and topspin forehand, stole a few matches, too.

When Borg changed ends during a match, the Beatlesmania would cry out, "You're so sweet!" When he defeated German Karl Meiler, such a loud squeal arose that it sounded like an oldtime Frank Sinatra concert.

His dramatic matches made Borg even more appealing. It took him five sets to beat Meiler, five more to defeat Hungarian Szabolcs Boranyi and five to lose to Roger Taylor (the last set was 7-5). Sweden's Davis Cup coach, Lennart Bergelin, watched over Borg.

"All this goes to the head," said Bergelin, "so I get him up every morning to run. That clears the head."

Borg played ice hockey almost every winter day of his boyhood until he was 14, but he also dabbled in tennis at least as early as nine, using a racket his father won as first prize in a table-tennis tournament in his hometown 10 miles from Stockholm. Borg was reared on clay courts and has a lot to learn about grass: his high-kicking second serve is suicidal and he needs a little work on his low volleys.

The second young man to seize the chance to shup up his reputation was Alex Mayer, the NCAA champion from Stanford whose father was once a highly ranked tennis player in Hungary and Yugoslavia. Alexander Mayer now runs a tennis camp in Mount Freedom, N.J. and will soon be sending another son to play tennis at Stanford. Young Mayer shocked Nastase in the fourth round, beating the volatile and sore-backed Rumanian in four sets with some superb service returns and volleying. When Papa Mayer heard about it, he grabbed a plane for London and arrived in time to see his son play eighth-seeded Jurgen Fassbender. Mayer lost the first two sets but struggled back to win, sparing himself a long critique from dad, who had taken copious notes on his program in bright green ink.

"He knows about Centre Court jitters," said the elder Mayer. "I've been raising him for this since he was two."

Mayer lost in the semis to the Soviet star, Metreveli; in the other half of the

draw the Czech clay-court specialist, Kodes, beat Taylor, the gloomy Yorkshireman who has the demeanor to star as Heathcliff in the next movie remake of *Wuthering Heights*. They played a long, tough match that was interrupted by drizzle with Taylor leading 5-4 in the fifth set and Kodes serving. They resumed 40 minutes later, Kodes won three straight games and the match, and gone were Britain's hopes that Taylor, who had defied the union and entered Wimbledon, would be the first British player to win the men's singles in more than 30 years. To be precise, the last time was 1936, when Fred Perry beat Germany's Baron Gottfried von Cramm.

To illustrate how second-rate the men's field was this year, three of the four semifinalists were from Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis tour—Taylor, Kodes and Metreveli—but only one of them had made the WCT championship tournament in Dallas. That was Taylor, who barely squeaked in and then lost to Ken Rosewall in the first round. Metreveli failed to win a WCT tournament and had never even made the finals of a major event.

Kodes' straight sets victory was only slightly more thrilling than two counter girls from the tea lawn coming out and throwing Bath buns and chocolate éclairs at each other across the net. The press box was more than half empty through most of it.

There was no indication, however, that the people in the stands felt robbed. At the start of the fortnight a London columnist wrote, "... Wimbledon will prove in the next two weeks that it is bigger than the little men who have tried to reduce it to nothing." A bit of Colonel Blimp bombast, true, but he was right about the spectator loyalty.

Even though most of the world's best players were long gone and even though the BBC offered hours of color telecasts live and on tape every day, it seemed as if everybody from John o' Groat's south to Land's End was trying to get through the gates of the All England Club. Queueing up politely is a national pastime in Britain, and this was quadruply evident at Wimbledon. People would stand in line for hours, sometimes waiting overnight in a drizzle, for tickets to get into the grounds—then stand in line again for the privilege of packing themselves 15 and 16 rows deep in the sardine-can



NCAA champion Mayer reached the semis.

standing-room sections of Centre Court. Many who could not get into the grounds stood outside and followed the progress of the matches on the scoreboard.

Attendance for the 13 days was 300,172, second-highest in history. Such passionate tennis buffs deserve better than Kodes-Metreveli. If they should ever get a British champion again, Admiral Nelson will have to give up his pedestal in Trafalgar Square—or at least move over. And come what may, there will always be an All England. **END**



Björn Borg stole the ladies from Nastase.



AND A HAPPY LOSER THAT'S No. 1

It seemed a strange place to win a U.S. championship, but that is what Northeastern did in the semifinals at Henley. Then came some rugged Russians, and there were bad times on the Thames **by HUGH D. WHALL**

As the eight-oared shell glided to a stop after crossing the finish line, shouts rang up from the crew that must have confounded the English spectators: "We're No. 1!" the rowers from Boston's Northeastern University called out over the still waters of the Thames, even though they had merely won a semifinal heat and were yet to be tested by a strong Russian crew. If the phrase was one that might have sent shivers up the spine of the late Nancy Mitford, guardian of the upper-class English idiom, it made good sense to the Americans in attendance. Northeastern had just won the U.S. row-

ing championship, not at Syracuse or Worcester or Philadelphia or Seattle, but at Henley, by beating the University of Wisconsin by the length of a boat.

The Huskies—not to be confused with those other Huskies from the University of Washington who were also on the scene—were only one of a record 26 American crews in single sculls and doubles and fours and eights who swarmed over the historic course and all but turned Henley Week into an old-fashioned hoedown for the colonies.

That "all but," sad to report, eventually crabbed the works for the Ameri-

cans. The trouble was the Russian crew, Trud Kotomna, all necks and shoulders and eager to collect the Grand Challenge Cup that another Soviet boat had won the year before. A cavernous silver gublet, the Grand Challenge Cup dates back to 1839 and has become the most illustrious prize in rowing. First, on Friday the Soviets swept by the University of Washington to easily take their semifinal duel—only two crews race at a time at Henley—and wreck any expectation of an all-American final. Then on Saturday, bolting off the mark, they destroyed in just 200 meters the strong hopes that

continued



The Boston boys relish their Husky triumph over Wisconsin (above), but a day later are humbled by Trud Kolamon gliding past the finish line.



Henley belonged to America this year. Northeastern, flat from its hard race with Wisconsin the day before, never got going and struggled home almost three lengths behind Trud.

One consolation for the U.S. was that a lot of others won: Harvard's junior varsity in the second most important event, the Ladies' Challenge Plate; Princeton's lightweight; Northeastern's four with cox; Mark Borchelt and Terry Adams of the Potomac Boat Club in the pairs; and, by a chauvinistic stretch, the U.S. also took the Diamond Sculls. An Irishman, Sean Drea, won that event, but he is a student at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia.

Before the regatta began, Wisconsin Coach Randy (Jabbo) Jablonic said, "It doesn't really matter whether you come first, second or last here. What really matters is that you have rowed at Henley." This year's Henley Royal Regatta was all it has ever been said to be. The town of 9,000 people and some 89 pubs—it is boasted that not one drop of the excellent local brew ever leaves town—was draped in the green and white and red of its willows, turkey oaks and roses and lush clipped lawns. As adornments to the four hectic days of rowing were an old-fashioned garden party, a cocktail party, an English village fete and a school sports day, and everywhere there were reminders that old England may have gone, but it has not been entirely forgotten. There on the Buckinghamshire side of the Thames was the ultraexclusive Phyllis Court Club with its canopied terrace, and a biscuit's throw away on the Berkshire side was the almost as exclusive Stewards' Enclosure.

An ancient launch with shiny varnished hull and gleaming steam engine puffed by through shoals of punts, wherries and other gorgeous small craft. Beneath its survey top a party gurgled on at full swing. Approaching the log boom that marks one edge of the 80-foot-wide, two-lane course, the launch slowed beside a punt full of ladies eating their picnic lunch. "Have you enjoyed your meal?" inquired a partier easily. "Oh, jolly good. Jolly good." He held a drained Moët bottle over the side upside-down and shook the champagne drops out ever so gently. "You wouldn't have any more of this, would you?"

The answer disappointed him.

"Oh, sorry," he replied. "Jolly good."

Ashore, though it was a working Wednesday—England does not yet cel-

ebate Independence Day—the parking lots were jammed, Rolls-Royces fender-to-fender with Jaguars, Ferraris and other exotic machines, as well as lesser breeds. They belonged to England's upper strata who crowded into the Stewards' Enclosure wearing bright blazers and school caps of another era. Behind the grandstand that is reserved for members, the old oars shuffled across the immaculate lawn as if in time to tunes like *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* and *Waggers for Woodwinds* that were being played by the Royal Marine Band, resplendent in its full dress.

Like flowers on the river, the oarsmen's wives drifted about in floppy garden-party hats and long skirts. "So Margaret's pregnant," said a striking pink. Replied a flowered number, "Oh, how charming of her."

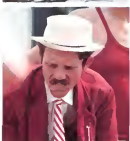
In the lunch tent near by cold meats and vichyssoise were served along with strawberries and thick cream, all to be washed down with champagne. Shades of Wimbledon some 35 miles away, one thought. "Do you tip?" an American asked a chap with a flying red mustache, white flannels and dazzling blazer.

"Slippy sliders under the plate," was the reply, "but don't embarrass the stewards." There are 44 stewards of the Royal Henley, men of station such as Lord Cottee, G.B.E.; the Bishop of Chester; and Lord Nugent of Guilford, P.C. to name but three, and they are not noted for their easy way with a gratuity.

American crews have been rowing at Henley since the last century. The first time they won the Grand Challenge Cup was in 1914 when Bob Herrick coached a Harvard crew led by Leverett Saltonstall, the ex-U.S. Senator. "It was the custom then to coach from horseback, and I rode an old white horse that was used in turn by other coaches," Herrick once said. "The horse had become so thoroughly accustomed to his duties riding alongside the crew that if the crew stopped he would stop, and start again the moment the crew went on."

Times at Henley have not moved along much since Herrick's horse days, and the crowd is as expert as ever. "You can talk about your Big Ten football fans and the Big Eight, but when an oarsman hears the crowd cheer at Henley he's heard everything," says Jablonic. "Here the fans know what they're talking about. They can tell you what's wrong with your start, how you should row the middle of the





race, what's wrong with your five man."

In the end, Jablonic may well have thought he could have used some advice. His Wisconsin crew had come to England determined to prove itself this year's U.S. champion—unofficial though the title would be. Wisconsin had lost to Northeastern in the Eastern Sprints at Worcester, Mass., but it had come back later to win the IRA at Syracuse with Northeastern a badly beaten third. The University of Washington possibly would be a problem. Winners of the Western Sprints, the Huskies were undefeated, but they passed up the IRA, had met neither of the other two top crews and, it was felt, there might be more thrash and splash to their achievements this season than solid blade work. The three competed at Nottingham the week before Henley, but the results there were not conclusive. Only one American crew was permitted to race for the main cup. Wisconsin won the right by beating Washington in two straight half-races on a foreshortened course of 1,000 meters, then lost to a Hungarian crew in the final. Competing for a less important cup, Washington came in third behind the winner, Northeastern, and Wisconsin's second-string crew. Later at Henley Washington lost its race to Trud Kolomna, ending whatever small claim it had left to being first in the U.S.

Now Jablonic felt a twinge of anxiety as he waited for the semifinal race on the Thames with Northeastern. "Our practice was very mechanical, we weren't quite alive," he said. To perk up his oarsmen he was going to send his boat past the stands and have them hot dog it as they approached waiting Northeastern.

Northeastern Coach Ernie Arlett, who grew up in Henley and was spending his 61st birthday there, was doing his best to conceal a hard-won confidence. "May the better men win," he said the night before the Wisconsin race. "That's Northeastern. We're in a good fighting mood. If they beat us in these conditions, well, good luck to them. I'll take my hat off to 'em." But he did not look like a man who was about to doff his little black cap to anyone.

Old ears, rugged individualists and their first-fashioned ladies cavorted by cycle, by antique spectator yacht and, over so sedately, while anchored at one of Henley's numerous pubs.

Wisconsin has a reputation for running off fast and slowing up toward the finish. Northeastern planned to start faster still, dog the Badgers and then, if necessary, turn on its famous guts-out kick and finish off Wisconsin in the last 500 meters of the odd Thames course that measures one mile and 550 yards instead of the standard 2,000 meters.

The long slim Edwardian umpires' launch filled with officials and guests slid away, and a short while later the race began—then ended. Northeastern had false started, a planned false start as it turned out. "We needed to get the cobwebs out," explained Cox Frank Lesby.

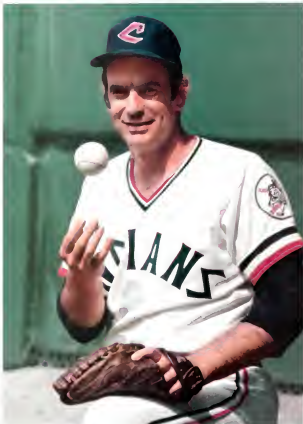
There was a warning from the umpire and Northeastern got off cleanly the next time, striking, as they say at Henley, 44 before settling down to a smooth 38 by the Barrier 700 yards along. Instead of dogging Wisconsin, however, Northeastern was holding a short lead, but Wisconsin refused to quit and kept throwing power 20s at the Huskies.

Rowing in the late nearer to the grandstand—known as Berks after the county, as opposed to Bucks, in which Wisconsin raced—Northeastern's lead had dwindled to a half length by the three-quarter-mile mark and its rate was only 34 to Wisconsin's 36. But then Northeastern let go and the lead began to grow again. At the finish line it had lengthened to the healthy margin of a boat.

"Wisco pushed the entire time," said Northeastern Captain Bill Backman after the shouting about No. 1 and finger-waving had died down. Just then a saddened Jablonic came by to wish the Northeastern crew luck the next day. "You rowed a great race," he told Backman warmly. "Now I want to see you guys pull it off against the Russians." He kept the disappointment from his voice.

Arlett was excited. Northeastern had lost in the finals last year and he was eagerly looking forward to at last getting a victor's dunking in his beloved Thames. But the Russians kept Arlett dry. For three days Soviet crews had suffered defeat after unexpected defeat. Now it was beat Northeastern or shovel salt.

Northeastern did the shoveling. "It was like pushing a stone wall down the river," groaned Backman. "We couldn't get the power on." But they could, at least, get the crown on—U.S. version, to be sure—and they will always be able to say, "We rowed at Henley." **END**



EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT . . .

... has a meaning all its own. But what is the meaning? The furious critics of Gaylord Perry say he is up to a slippery business and that any fool knows it. Mr. Slick just smiles **by RON FIMRITE**

Item 8.02 (a) of the *Official Baseball Rules* is clearer than most.

"The pitcher shall not (1) bring his pitching hand in contact with his mouth or lips while in the 18-foot circle surrounding the pitching rubber; (2) apply a foreign substance of any kind to the ball; (3) expectorate on the ball, either hand or his glove; (4) rub the ball on his glove, person or clothing; (5) deface the ball in any manner; (6) deliver what is called the 'shine' ball, 'spit' ball, 'mud' ball or 'emery' ball."

And yet old 8.02 (a), most of which has been on the books since 1920, has been violated about as often as municipal parking regulations or the federal election laws, according to the testimony of ordinarily reliable witnesses. The evidence, however, is invariably circumstantial, and the suspects, who include some of the game's most distinguished practitioners, remain at large.

Even in this season of relative tranquility, spitter accusations reverberate. Only two weeks ago Bobby Murcer of the Yankees accused the Cleveland Indians' Gaylord Perry of throwing him an anointed pitch. He further charged that Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and American League President Joe Cronin lacked the "guts" to enforce the antispitball legislation. Murcer was promptly fined \$250 by Kuhn—not, it should be noted, for falsely accusing Perry, who is no stranger to such allegations, but for assailing the intestinal fortitude of the game's highest officers.

Perry, as usual, walked away from the episode unfined, uncharged and, if his myriad detractors are to be believed, unclean. He has been something of a public enemy since 1966 when, after four largely mediocre seasons, he suddenly burgeoned into a 21-game winner for the San Francisco Giants. Perry attributed

his awakening to the development of a "hard slider." Hitters who had pounded him happily only the previous season suggested that the new pitch was really a very old one—the dread spitter.

The issue remains murky to this day, for Perry has been accused of throwing illegal pitches even in his losing seasons, and he did, in fact, perfect an excellent slider. Perhaps it is as he insists: with a loser the hitters see no evil.

By 1971, National Leaguers had either wearied of incessant protest or concluded that a 16-game winner, which he was that year, is not as big a menace as a 23-game winner, which he was the year before. That, at any rate, was a comparatively uneventful season for one who had grown as accustomed to the frisk as Willie Sutton. The Giants, convinced apparently that Perry's nimble fingers had lost their touch, traded him to Cleveland that November for Sam McDowell, who threw a fast but reasonably dry ball. McDowell won only 10 games for San Francisco; Perry won 24 for Cleveland as well as the American League's Cy Young Award and the everlasting enmity of a whole new flock of batsmen.

His new opponents were so vigorous in their pursuit of his allegedly hidden ointments that they all but ordered him disrobed on the mound. Perry was in just such a state of imposed dishabille one fortunately warm August evening when the then Cleveland general manager, Gabe Paul, cried out in protest to League President Cronin. "An inspection of Perry," said Gabe to Joe, "should not be based on the whim of opposing managers." Cronin, in turn, advised his umpires that they no longer need feel obligated to search Perry for incriminating evidence unless they themselves entertained suspicions. Which, of course, most of them do, but not to the point of stripping Gaylord.

Perry remains unflappable in the face of the turmoil he inspires. He is a tall, broad-shouldered North Carolinian with a laconic manner. He is also a fierce com-

petitor with a measure of good-old-boy hostility who wholeheartedly shares the conviction of his manager, Ken Aspromonte, that "you should do everything possible to win short of scratching the other guy's eyes out."

Perry has been known to glare menacingly at teammates who, in his opinion, have not pursued batted balls with sufficient dedication while he is pitching. No matter that the balls he throws may be harder to get a firm grip on. But he affects down-home indifference when approached on the spitball issue. The accusations are hardly libelous, he says. "Ain't been no damage." And the umpires are welcome "to come out and talk with me anytime."

Still, though there ain't been no damage, the accusations are becoming increasingly emphatic.

"It's a universal fact he throws the pitch," said Fran Healy, a Kansas City Royals catcher who was a teammate of Perry's on the Giants. "So I'm not talking out of school. . . . I remember that on some pitches I'd have to wipe my hands before throwing the ball back." Healy insists, however, that Perry does not throw the spitter or, more properly, the "greaser" as often as the hitters seem to think. "There were games he might not throw many at all. . . . It's the old psychological advantage—the hitters just thinking he's going to throw it. Nobody uses the spitter like that as well as Gaylord. He'll have you looking for it all day and get you out with other stuff."

It was always Perry who called the pitch, says Healy. And the catcher had to remain alert for the signal, since the spitter, which is thrown as hard as a fastball, can break straight down with shocking abruptness. To miss the signal is to invite injury or, at the least, a passed ball.

The real mystery is not so much the pitch Perry throws, his opponents and teammates say, but the what and where of the substance he allegedly employs to grease the ball. It has been variously sug-

Letting his fingers do the talking, Perry explores his ear, shoulder, chest, phiz and arm. Then he delivers his "Who, me?" snick

continued

gested that he uses Vaseline. K-Y Lubricating Jelly—"The ideal all-round lubricant"—it says on the tube—or even angling fly-line cleaner. Any of these mixed well with perspiration can provide the slickness necessary to release the ball with the reverse spin that will send it plunging away from the batter. The 1968 addendum to Rule 8.02 (a), which prohibits the pitcher from touching his mouth without drying the fingers, effectively reduced the sale among pitchers of slippery elm lozenges, which were once standard fare for spitballers. And spit itself is no longer an ingredient in spitball pitching.

Where, then, do the miscreants conceal their slickum? Kurt Bevacqua, a former Perry teammate at Cleveland, now a Kansas City Royal, became a confirmed Perry watcher last season and he still hasn't the foggiest notion. "No one knew where he kept it, not even his teammates. He'd never talk about the spitter. Oh, I take that back—I heard him refer to it one time. It was a game against the Yanks and he'd just struck out Murcer. The ball took a severe dive—and I mean a severe dive. I swear it dropped a good two feet right at the plate just as Murcer swung. It was the last out of the inning and Gaylord came back to the dugout laughing and saying something like, 'I wanted to throw one, but not *that* good.'"

Another former Perry teammate, who requests anonymity, says that when Perry threw his no-hitter against the Cardinals on Sept. 17, 1968 all but four of his pitches were spitters. The grease, he said, was always placed on the ball's inrademark. When the umpire would ask to examine it Perry would simply rub his thumb over that spot, then oblige.

An American League pitching coach who also prefers to remain nameless maintains there is no one secret spot for the grease. It can be smeared anywhere—"on the forehead, the back of the wrist, the forearm, the side of the pants leg or the belt. The idea is to change the location often so when the umpires look in one spot, it's not there. You can bat your glove and remove it from your wrist in one motion. You never load up with more than you can remove in one swipe. When you do apply it to the hand, you put it on the middle and ring fingers. That way you can pick up the resin bag with the thumb and index finger and not disturb your load."

Hitters say the spitball is easily identified because, while it has the speed of a

fastball, it scarcely rotates. And the drop is like no sinker ever thrown. Milwaukee Pitcher Jim Colborn says he once sat directly behind home plate churning Perry's spitches. "When he got in a jam, three of every four pitches were spitters. The umpires knew it, but they were protecting him."

Nonsense, says National League Umpire Chris Pelekoudas, a longtime Perry nemesis. "I'm tired of hearing people say the umpires never enforce the rule. I called four illegal pitches on Phil Regan in 1967 in one game. Gaylord knew that if I was working the plate and suspecting him of throwing one, I would bear down. He knew that if I caught him once, the next time would be it."

Rule 8.02 (a) authorizes an umpire to call a ball on a pitcher who puts his hands to his lips and to "immediately disqualify" one who is caught applying a foreign substance to the ball. The problem is in catching a violator jelly-handed.

Lord knows the umpires have tried. Aspromonte observes wearily. "It's just that Gaylord is always the goat. He has the reputation so they pick on him. Why don't they spread these searches around? Why just my guy? There are at least 20 other pitchers who should be examined."

The ballplayers might consider that figure a trifle exaggerated. But there is at least one other pitcher who is frequently mentioned in, shall we say, the same breath with Perry—Bill Singer, another fugitive National Leaguer who is, thus far, as big a winner with the California Angels as Perry was with Cleveland last year. Singer, at 29 five years younger than Perry, has endured such a woeful siege of injury and illness in recent years that even his most vehement accusers might forgive him an occasional transgression.

After winning 20 games for the Dodgers in 1969, he fell ill with infectious hepatitis in April of 1970. Then, after a 52-day absence, he returned in July to pitch a no-hitter against the Phillies. Less than a month later the index finger on his pitching hand was broken by a ball thrown by the Pirates' Bob Moose. That winter half of the joint on the injured finger was removed. Though the surgery was successful, Singer continued to favor the hand. His normally fluid pitching motion became jerky and he lost his fastball. He slipped to a 10-17 record in 1971 and to 6-16 last year. He considered quitting the game and was finally traded by the Dodgers as more or less

extra cargo in the multiple-player transaction involving Frank Robinson for Andy Messersmith.

But Singer, like Perry, is a dauntless competitor. He reported to the Angels in superb condition and, with the assistance of Pitching Coach Tom Morgan, regained his old motion and his old fastball. Morgan, a onetime sinker-ball pitcher for the Yankees, also taught Singer—shades of Perry—a "hard slider." It is this pitch, along with a fastball that also dips, that the hitters may confuse with the spitball, Singer says.

Earlier this season Singer struck out both Dick Allen and Ken Henderson in a game with the White Sox on pitches they said were greased like asides. Henderson stood staring malevolently at Singer for several seconds before angrily stomping off to the dugout.

"Three different managers had the umpires check me early in the season," Singer acknowledges, "but nobody's bothered me lately. They probably realize by now that I'm winning because I have good stuff. Look, if the spitter were that great a pitch, everybody'd be throwing it. But if you don't know what you're doing with it, it can be hit just like anything else."

Singer is a handsome, enthusiastic— one might even say "phlegmboyant"— Californian who was born only five miles from Dodger Stadium and lives now almost equidistant from Anaheim and Los Angeles. With a 14-4 record this year (compared with Perry's 8-12), his spirits, if not his pitches, can no longer be dampened. "The last two years were a nightmare," he says. "This year is a pleasant dream."

The hitters would concede that the way he is throwing, Singer need not resort to underhanded tricks, but the suspicion persists among them that he has something, maybe literally, up his sleeve. Singer, like Perry, regards this as an asset. "It just gives them something else to think about," he says innocently.

This is a sentiment expressed by spitball pitchers from George Hildebrand, who is generally credited with tossing the first wet one in 1902, to, well, whoever is throwing it today. It is also why the suspects are reluctant either to deny or affirm their guilt. Doubt is a valuable ally.

The spitball and the other doctored deliveries were banned in 1920 presumably in the interests of sanitation but probably because Babe Ruth, who had hit 29 home

continued

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runs in 1919, proved there was money to be made on the long ball. In spitterless 1920 Ruth clouted 54 homers and the game forevermore was changed.

At the time of banishment there were 17 active spitball pitchers who, after registering in their league offices, were permitted to continue using the pitch for the remainder of their careers on the justifiable ground that to deprive them of it would also cut off their earning power. Their number included future Hall of Fame inductees Burleigh Grimes, Urban (Red) Faber and Stan Coveleski. Grimes, who won 270 games, was the last of the legitimate spitters when he retired after the 1934 season. Faber, who won 253 games, quit a year earlier. But their departure hardly represented the end of an era. Their clandestine successors comprise a Hall of Fame all their own. Alas, theirs is largely a secret fraternity. Of the more prominent brothers, only Preacher Roe and Joe Page have publicly confessed to the crime. It is said, however, that Lew Burdette, the Gaylord Perry of the '50s and now the Atlanta pitching coach, still throws the pitch for amusement in batting practice.

Don Drysdale, the famed Dodger pitcher of the '60s and a notable spitball suspect, protests that since all of the recent baseball innovations—lowering the mound, installing artificial turf, creating the designated hitter—have favored the batter, the poor pitcher must take measures to protect himself from further abuse. It is also Drysdale's contention that the pitchers have gained the upper hand in recent years because the batters have not worked as hard at their craft.

"You see little guys who don't have the strength to swing a quick bat go for the fences," he said last weekend in Cleveland, where he was broadcasting the Angels-Indians series.

The spitball, he said, may well be retaliation by the poor pitchers for the favoritism being heaped upon indolent batsmen. "Besides, nobody has ever shown me a good reason why the pitch should not be legalized."

"It's just another pitch," says Umpire Pelekoudas, "but if they don't legalize it, they've got to put some teeth in the rule. They've got to back the umpires, and all 48 of us have to enforce the rule."

Talk like that invariably brings a condescending smile to Gaylord Perry's world-weary features. There ain't no damage yet.

END



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The race was still way off—two days and three long nights to be exact. Plenty of time to kill. They swept into town in a dirty maroon Buick, complaining idly to one another about the emission control system that rendered the engine sluggish as a turtle, but still keeping their eyes peeled for speed traps, and wondering if the local X-rated double feature would be worth it: *Indian Road and Indian Mode*. Seneca Lake gleamed off to their left, long and cold in the eve-

the blank shopwindows. Jody walked with his customary gunfighter's slouch, his spine bent like a slightly flattened S. Now and then he shadowboxed, grunting and mumbling to himself. A pair of teeny-boppers skittered past with their eyes averted. Once they were safely by, the girls giggled madly and broke into a delicate, wobbly-kneed sprint. Jody watched them go with a flat, appraising look in his dull green eyes. "My fiancée's coming out from South Africa in a couple of weeks," he said. "She keeps me in line." Everybody laughed.

They went into a sandwich shop, a clean well-lighted place that offered subs and wedges and hot Italian sausage. Also a pool table, a pinball machine and an electronic racing game. Jody had tried the racing game the night before but crashed on the first lap. He walked past it now without a sideward glance and asked the fat girl behind the counter: "Where's the action?"

"Right here," she said, with a fat girl's chirle. She wiped the counter self-consciously and averted her eyes.

"Some action," Jody said.

"It'll be better over the weekend when the race crowd gets in," the girl said.

"Racing?" said Jody, looking astounded. "Is there going to be racing?"

"The L & M Championship," the girl said proudly.

"What is that?" Jody asked. "Drags, stock cars, what?"

"It's road racing," the girl explained. "You know, kind of sophisticated." Everybody laughed.

Jody shot a game of snooker and won \$10, then bought a handful of gum balls from the machine. He slouched in the doorway, chewing mightily, trying to look insouciant. "Let's go up the road and find somebody to patch quarters with," he said finally. "Last night I won \$22 from Hurley Haywood. I suckerred him into it right proper." Hurley Haywood is an up-and-coming driver who, with his partner Peter Gregg, wheeled a Porsche Carrera to an \$11,000 victory in this year's 24 Hours of Daytona and thus could well afford the sharking. This time,

continued

FASTEST ROOKIE ON THE ROAD

He blew into racing with more speed than style and nobody was surprised at his smashup. But when Jody beat them in a rental car, they started to pay attention by **ROBERT F. JONES**

ning light, and Jody said he would like to try a spot of fishing but he had this bloody stuffed nose and he had eaten up all his antibiotics already and it wasn't worth the bloody risk. "It's hard enough to race when you're healthy," he said, yawning. Everybody laughed.

They parked on Franklin Street, the main drag of New York's Watkins Glen, and ambled up the cracked sidewalk past



APPHOTO BY ERIC SCHNEIDERMAN

however, Jody tried to con Peter Gethin, a small, pert Englishman who is known as "Peter Rabbit" among the road-racing rabble and who has competed with the best of them in everything from Grand Prix to Can-Am to the low-budget Formula III world, and done fairly well along the way. (Lest this sound confusing, there are almost as many formulas as there are people who race cars, some classified by numbers, others by letters. But no matter what the division, road racing in a variety of machinery is considered the way to the top.)

Jody and Peter Rabbit stood on the sidewalk outside the Grand Prix Lounge of the Jefferson Hotel, reading their quarters for the toss. The idea was to pitch the coin as close to a predetermined crack in the sidewalk as possible. When Gethin wasn't looking, Jody stuck a wad of bubble gum on the underside of his coin. Peter tossed first, and the coin clanked to rest not an inch from the crack. Plenty of bite. But Jody's bite—the bubble gum—merely made his quarter bounce farther away from the target. Gethin walked off with a handful of dollar bills and a grin that seemed more knowingly rapacious than innocently rabbitlike.

"Ah, well," said Jody, "that's the extent of the action, I fear. Let's call it another exciting night on the racing circuit and hit the hay."

Everybody laughed. Jody shadow-boxed and yawned all the way to the car.

Jody is Jody David Scheckter, age 23, of East London, South Africa, the winner of four straight Formula 5,000 races—an impressive string in any kind of motor racing this year—and the hottest prospect for a future world driving championship since Jochen Rindt left the road.

Until this year the racing series for Formula 5,000 cars was a ho-hum affair. This breed of machine was born in 1968 when road racing nuts seized upon the idea of introducing a new class powered strictly by stock-block V-8 engines up to 5,000 cc—a move that in effect brought regular production engines into competition. Sure, the cars were handsome—long and winged, single-seat, open-wheeled machines that resembled their aristocratic cousins, the Grand Prix cars, in everything but speed. And sponsors, particularly the cigarette people, came running. But the drivers were mainly obscure journeymen whose presence hardly

raised the pulse rates of the spectators—men like Gus Hutchinson, Lou Sell, Sam Posey, John Gunn and his name-alike, John Cannon, David Hobbs and Tony Adamowicz. Good drivers all of them, but the kind of men who never quite made it to the big time. As a result, Formula 5,000 racing was much like club fighting back in the days when boxing had clubs. The competitors were tough and ring-wise, scarred veterans who knew all the tricks but who looked back at their youthful successes, rather than ahead at the main chance.

Last year New Zealand's Graham McRae entered the lists, an ambitious and outspoken driver-constructor who came to be known as "Cassius" for his glib, self-laudatory mode of speech, and won the series handily with 87 points and \$75,100 in prize money. That signaled a change in the class, a kind of awakening that served to put the series on the verge of the big time.

This season, largely because of Jody, it has come to pass. Formula 5,000 racing is now as exciting as any series in motor sports.

It is Scheckter's string of successes that turned the trick. Of the five races run so far in the nine-event series, he lost only the opener at Riverside—and that one closely, coming in second to Britain's Brian Redman. At Laguna Seca and Michigan during the monetary month of May, while others were drenching and burning it out at Indianapolis, Scheckter won his races going away. And while Redman almost beat him again at the Mid-Ohio event in June, passing him occasionally in the final going, Scheckter ultimately mapped home with another victory.

Redman is one of the last of the true breed of English racing drivers, a baby-faced, articulate sportsman with a cultured accent and a snob level of zero. "Jody is very, very good," he says of his arch rival on the racing trail. "I raced against him in South Africa a few years ago when he was just getting started. He was running an early Mazda and he had it sideways in every corner, and I said to myself, 'He'll be coming off of the road right about now,' but he never did. It's an eccentric style, Jody's, but he can handle it. I knew back then that he was a good 'un."

Sheckter was born in East London, a slow and simple town on the South African coast between Cape Town and Durban, and came of age in racing within

the confines of his father's garage. Thus he shares a heritage with such other garage-owners' sons as world champions Denny Hulme and Jackie Stewart. "I always loved to tinker with engines," he says now. "I played around with go-carts when I was 10 or 11 years old and actually raced in three go-cart races. But then my main interest was the mechanics of it all. When I was 18 I bought myself a saloon car, a stocker you'd say. It was a Renault R-8, and I raced it fairly well in the club events around East London. It started out as a tame sort of machine but I pepped it up. In my second year I took on the national racing series for saloons. By now the car was completely homemade. By the third year I had it supercharged."

South African stock-car racing is much like its American equivalent was back in the Junior Johnson days, backwoods drivers in superquack junk with no holds barred. "There was none of your ordinary concern with clean lines through the corners," Scheckter recalls. "You just dove right in there and pushed the other fellow out of the way. I learned my style—or rather my lack of style—on the saloon trail where it ain't racing if you don't bump 'em."

Sheckter's sudden reputation in South Africa took him to Europe during the 1971 season, when he was scarcely 21 years old, to race in the Formula Ford series, a class that serves Grand Prix racing like midjet racing used to serve Indy in this country. His initial successes were limited, however—"I won two or three," he admits grudgingly—but his style was impressive enough to get him a Formula III ride at Silverstone during the preliminary to the British Grand Prix of that year. More than one observer was struck with Scheckter's elan as he ran away from the pack to win the prelim, going mainly sideways through the corners but somehow miraculously saving himself from humiliation in the off-track cornfields.

Later Jackie Stewart—who won his second world championship that year and who was impressed with Scheckter—was to say: "Jody has it all, the style, the quickness, the hunger, the lust, if you will. He reminds me of Jochen, in style at least if not in temperament." Twice a world champion himself, Stewart was the closest of friends with the late 1970 world champion, Jochen Rindt, and his comparison of Scheckter's driving style with

reinhold

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**DATSUN
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that of Rindt is thus significant. Rindt seemed to seek out eccentric lines through the corners, lines that other drivers could not see but which nonetheless produced very quick times. Scheckter does the same. It is as if his reflexes are superior to those of most men. To take a car sideways is to lose speed, if only by the friction of tires rubbing against the flow of momentum, yet going deeper into a corner at high speed gains a moment on the exit from that same corner. The test lies in the ability of the driver to scrub off speed at the precise instant he reaches the apex of his line, and then get out of that spot without wasting another instant. Rindt did it beautifully, up to the day he died. Scheckter does it beautifully so far.

Not that one could tell it very well by his record with Team McLaren, with whom Scheckter signed to race Formula 1 cars last season. "I ran 10 races for McLaren," he grumps, "and won only one of them. In the rest we were DNF—we had a lot of trouble with our engines.

I also ran the U.S. Grand Prix for them, my first Formula 1 ride, and actually I raced pretty smoothly." After challenging for second place at one point in the race, Scheckter spun out and ultimately finished eighth. This year he won a spot on the front row for the South African Grand Prix—the Formula 1 season opener—and led the race for awhile before he blew his engine. And in the French Grand Prix July 1 Scheckter continued to come on strong. He qualified second behind Stewart, jumped right into the lead and headed the field for 42 of the 54 laps before he crashed. "Now folks think I'm some kind of bloody hero," he says. "and they keep coming around asking me for autographs and suchlike stuff. Well, I ain't no hero yet. It's embarrassing to get taken for a hero."

And when he says that, one realizes after all that Jody Scheckter is only a young colonial boy, socially more like 16 than 23. He has been described as brash and arrogant by the racing press, but he is only honest. He is openly distrustful

of the commercialism of his sport, which is the most commercial of them all. Of the Germans who staffed his ride in a Porsche 917-10 during the opening Can-Am race at Mosport, Ontario early last month he says, "They are bloody drill sergeants. They want you up at six a.m. and in formation, suited and spiffy, by eight. When I took a slow lap in the Porsche one of them asked loud enough so I could hear, 'Was he with woman last night?' It's bloody ridiculous." Still, he loves the ride in the turbocharged Porsche. The throttle lag that makes the 1,000-hp engine cut in almost two seconds after the accelerator is depressed gives him a distinct kick. "When it comes on, man, you have to lock and counter-lock with the steering wheel, like this"—and he grins joyfully, working his hands a full rotation. Meanwhile his nasal colonial voice takes on strong American overtones. "Wow!"

For all his style and success in the I. & M series, Scheckter was still suspect among drivers and fans alike when he ar-

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owed at Watkins Glen last month for the fifth race of the championship. He had been driving a new supercar that some said could not be beaten: a Trojan chassis fitted with a Chevrolet 305-cu.-in. engine built by British notable Alan Smith. The Trojan design clearly had held up well in the first four races. And during practice at the Glen, after his night on the main drag, Scheckter went out to establish his usual dominance. He had already run the fastest lap of the day, breaking the old qualifying record of 1:45.198 over the 3.377-mile course, but he wanted to do even better. Entering Turn Six he suddenly found himself in trouble. He totaled the Trojan against the catch fence on the outside of the corner.

"I felt a little understeering as I came out of the corner," he said later, gruff-faced and worried, "but there was nothing I could do about it right then. The next thing I knew the car was going straight to the fence, and if I could have caught it out of there I would have. But I knew I couldn't. So I looked up the brakes and rode it right into the fence. Horrible feeling. But look at the skid marks—they're straight. None of this sideways business they accuse me of." And with that, Scheckter and crew began bargaining for a fresh car.

At first it looked as if they could get one from Carl Haas, the Lola dealer whose driver, Redman, was second in points to Scheckter in the series. But Haas wanted Scheckter to accept second place if Redman and his Steed Lola were still running at the end of the race, a condition Scheckter could not tolerate emotionally. Redman, too, could not abide the idea of Jody as a putative teammate. "Would Jackie Stewart lend his backup car to Emerson Fittipaldi?" he asked. Redman turned both of his thumbs emphatically down.

Finally Scheckter got another car, a spunking new Lola T-330 in canary yellow from Bob Lazier. The car had never qualified with distinction in any race, which was more a reflection on Lazier's background (he runs a swank ski lodge in Vail, Colo., and races for the "ambiance") than on the machine's potential. The team's backup engine was plugged into the Lazier chassis overnight, and the "rent-a-racer" was ready to run.

"I didn't sleep too well," Scheckter admitted next morning. "My neck was stiff—pulled a muscle in the shunt. I

guess—and I didn't really know if I could sort the new car. That's the problem when you're young in this sport. A good car can make a mediocre driver into something sensational. Maybe the Trojan was just that good car, maybe I was nothing more than a chauffeur. And my neck was hurting something fierce. I wished I had someone there to massage it, a girl, maybe, my fiancée Pam, maybe. Like that."

But Jody resolved both his doubts and his sore neck pretty quickly. Within 10 laps in the borrowed car he had broken his own lap mark for a Formula 5,000 machine, and three laps later he ran an astounding 141.227—the equivalent of 120.095 miles an hour, which was quicker than Jackie Stewart ever took a Formula 1 car around the course during a Grand Prix. Indeed, only Peter Revson—clocked in 1:39 in a McLaren Can-Am car with fully 850 hp to Scheckter's 500—had ever run the course faster.

What was most interesting about Scheckter's runs in the Lola was the smoothness of his style. Gone were the sideways glitches, the wrenching corrections on the wheel that had previously made everyone's heart leap. Instead, he took the corners coolly and directly, with a polish that had been lacking in his earlier appearances on the circuit. When he went on to win the Watkins Glen race itself the next day, it was in the same smooth manner. Nobody was remotely close, not even Redman, who finished second and seemed undimmed by the fact.

"I don't know," Scheckter said of himself. "Up to early this year I was just a kind of flat-out runner. That was meaningful then. It got me noticed, it got me rides. Now maybe it's time to learn other things. How to sort things out and learn what a car is all about. I think I did it with the Lazier Lola. That shunt in the Trojan may have been the best thing that ever happened to me." He ran his hand through his kinky brown hair. His "South Afro," as it is known, which he maintains is good only for scrubbing pots and pans. His sleepy, gun-fighter eyes were dead cool. "I hope so," he added.

He sounded anything but brash and arrogant. And nobody laughed. Because at the end of five L & M races, Jody David Scheckter, age 23, had won four, along with 95 points and \$87,350. Not bad for a rookie.

END

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AN UNSENTIMENTAL EDUCATION

The Rooney boys, Dan, Art Jr., Tim, John and Pat, are heirs to a sporting empire, but will they attain the style and proportions of the rampled old man who is their father and got the show on the road? Art Rooney Sr., the legend and founder of the Pittsburgh Steelers, is himself the son of a saloonkeeper. He could have played football for Knute Rockne, and he did box professionally, play for a semi-pro team against Jim Thorpe's Canton Bulldogs and hit .372 and steal 55 bases for Wheeling, W. Va. of the Middle Atlantic League in 1925.

He considered becoming a priest, but instead promoted all the boxing in Pittsburgh out of a seedy hotel office which people entered by stepping through the window. He established himself as one of the best horseplayers of all time, once winning, the story goes, \$250,000 in two days of racing at Saratoga. He bought an NFL franchise in 1933 for \$2,500 and kept it afloat by betting the horses.

Art Sr. has lived in the same neighborhood all his life, even as it has declined over the last 30 years into more and more of a slum. In 1968 he drove calmly home through Pittsburgh's worst racial outburst. Now, at 72, he walks from his house to a Pirate game at Three Rivers Stadium accompanied by a crowd of black kids, whom he jokes around with and brings into his box. He wears baggy pants and almost always has a dollar cigar in his teeth at such an angle that his whole mouth is blotted out when seen from the front. On making a new acquaintance he removes the cigar and smiles like a boy who has just been handed a puppy.

"What you have to realize," says Pat Rooney, "is that my father is a great man. None of his sons are."

But Art Sr. never borrowed a dime in his life. "I was too stupid," he says without the least sign of regret. "I didn't know you could." His sons, with hardly any capital except their name, have borrowed over \$60 million. With their father they constitute 10 different corporations that own or control the Steelers, Yonkers Raceway in New York, the Wil-

The five Rooney boys learned to build a sports empire in the school of hard knocks, some dealt out by their dad **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

liam Penn and Continental Racing Associations at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia, Green Mountain Race Track in Vermont and Palm Beach Kennel Club, a greyhound track in Florida. Art Sr. is sole owner of Shamrock Farms in Maryland, another of the family's enterprises. The Rooneys used to own a soccer team. They have made an offer to buy Garden State Park in New Jersey and they are building a thoroughbred track outside Philadelphia. If the boys are not great, they are certainly doing well, and they all reflect their father in various ways.

For one thing they still do what he tells them. "The old man is policy," says a man who has been close to the family, and the boys readily agree that they all talk to him every day, by phone or in person, and that if he rules against something they won't do it.

They also take pride in being down-to-earth like their father. They were all brought up in a poor neighborhood with other Irish kids, not feeling any different from anybody else. They knew, of course, that very rough kids refrained from sweating in the Rooney yard and that their father owned a football team. But they also knew that the family drove to the games in a car that sometimes had to be backed up steep hills.

They knew, too, that most of the time their father was off playing the horses, arranging some kind of athletic affair or swapping stories with Toots Shor or Billy Conn. But Art Sr. always came home on the weekends, and if at the end of a day he found himself as nearby as, say, Cleveland, he would always drive home.

Art Sr. was not one for heart-to-heart talks with his sons, but he kept their attention. When they put up a punching bag he would walk in and work out on it briefly in such a way as to leave the mouth of every kid present hanging open. He would also follow such unusual Christian

procedures as bringing panhandlers in off the street for sandwiches. Too, when someone needed an authoritative opinion he would provide it, as when Art Jr., known as Artie, complained that Timmy had just hit a kid over the head with a piece of sidewalk, which didn't seem fair. Art Sr. said, "When you fight, you fight with whatever you need."

The Rooney manse, an old Victorian house, had, and still has, white columns in front, 12 rooms inside and a multipurpose backyard. The boys dug tunnels under it for war games, and in the winter they iced over the macadamized part for hockey, so they had plenty to do without hanging around pool halls. Their father told them never to hang around pool halls, and since he had hung around them enough as a boy to become a shark of some note, they figured he knew what he was talking about.

As a football owner Art Sr. was notoriously indulgent. Not only did he actually defend players' interests in league meetings, but he refrained from interfering with his coaches, though they tended to err picturesquely. In fact, he went so far as to hire the most errant head coach in history—the great *bow I-r-r-r-r* and running back, Johnny Blood, who once failed to show up for a Steelers game because he hadn't known it was scheduled.

Art Sr. never had a harsh word for anybody else in the world (though he is said to have exchanged blows—"pushes" is how he phrases it—with at least one of his coaches), but he was inclined to call his sons "chumps" and "newly made." The old man says, "I always thought my coaches knew what they were doing. I knew the boys didn't."

continued

OPERATING Steelers at Three Rivers are Art Sr., Dan and Art Jr. Ten oversees Palm Beach Kennel Club (bottom) and Yonkers Raceway.



The boys remember calling his hand only twice. One day he went to watch Tim, John and Pat play sandlot ball. Tim singled to the outfield and when he reached first he turned to the right. Art Sr. went up to him and said, "You're supposed to turn toward second."

"That's the way you old guys did it," said Tim, who was then about 12.

"Give me those balls and bats!" shouted Art Sr. "I don't want people to know you're a Rooney."

"I never watched them play ball again," he says today. "You'll have to ask them about their athletic abilities. For this reason: I never thought much of 'em."

The other moment of rebellion came more recently. Perhaps Tim was out of sorts after making the drive from Pittsburgh to Winfield, Md., the site of Shamrock Farms, the Rooneys' thoroughbred stable. "My father would sit there in the car saying his rosary," Tim says. "He wouldn't talk to you, and he wouldn't let you turn on the radio, and he'd make you leave all the windows wide open in the middle of winter."

At any rate, when Art Sr. told Tim to take off his boots inside the house at Shamrock, Tim complained. So his father gave him a good shot to the head. "Then he turned to John, but John was on the track team, he ran," says Pat. At the time Tim was into his 20s, John was in college and Art Sr. was around 60.

So if the resolution of the Oedipus complex requires the symbolic slaying of the father, the Rooneys will have to count on the Oedipus complex not applying to the Irish. It was only in the last few years that the boys dared to drink in front of Art Sr., or even to appear in public with him dressed in anything but a dark suit, white shirt and tie, such as he most always wears. But if they can't overthrow their father, they can expand upon him.

Each of the boys would have liked to take the helm of the Steelers. The family heirloom fell, however, to Dan, the oldest. Art Sr. had in mind Dan's becoming an electrician, since he didn't want to be a doctor or a lawyer; Art Sr. had an in with the union. "But Danny just wanted to go up to the Steelers' training camp and work," he says, "and there's no

point in making a fella do what he isn't interested in"—anyway not when it is a matter of his life's work, as opposed to his waking up at six in the morning on vacation in Canada to go to early Mass.

Dan was a good high school football player, but rheumatic fever ended his hopes of a college career. He helped out at training camp during the summers until he finished studying accounting at Duquesne. Buddy Parker, then head coach of the Steelers, had no room for an owner's son on his staff, so Dan found work in the front office.

"I would get things ready for the draft and sign players," Dan says. "Buddy wasn't interested. In time, whenever there was a call from the league they called me."

Now, eight head coaches later, Dan at 40 is general manager and effective head of the 40-year-old Steelers. Last December that long downtrodden team won its first championship. Art Sr. was always the most popular NFL owner, but his teams always lost. In March the league's general managers voted Dan Executive of the Year.

JOHN AND PAT ROONEY INSPECT RACING SURFACE AT LIBERTY BELL IN PHILADELPHIA, A HARNESS AND THOROUGHBRED TRACK



"To get the same thrill out of Yonkers as we got out of the football team last year, Yonkers would have to do \$10 million in one night," says Tim. All five of the boys have a financial stake in the team, and none of them suffers any less intensely than Dan. Furthermore, Art Jr., at 37 the second-eldest brother, has done a great deal to help Dan fill their father's football shoes. Artie is the largest of the Rooney boys physically and the one who went furthest as a jock, having started at tackle for St. Vincent College in Latrobe, Pa.

Artie, like Dan, holds the title of Steeler vice-president, but he looks like a line coach. He has more of his father's fleshy, raffish, cigar-chewing air than any of his brothers, and he takes the greatest delight in the stories about the old days in the First Ward, when Art Sr. and his brother Dan, a terrific athlete who is now a priest (and who is said to have spent some time protecting Chinese nuns with his fists), would become drawn into a three-rounder between the visiting carnival boxer and their friend, Squeaker Mullen, and the carnies would holler, "Hey, Rubel!" In the ensuing melee the tent would collapse and the disturbance rage on lumpy within the great folds of canvas. It is Artie who is most eager for a visitor to meet Uncle Jim Rooney, who after World War I served as one of the youngest men ever elected to the Pennsylvania legislature, and who went on to give away all the money he ever made to people who said they needed it more than he did. Uncle Jim can tell you about the figurehead legislator who replied, when asked what his position was on the Monroe Doctrine, "If the boys are for it, I'm for it." Upon being elected, this worthy showed up at the Pittsburgh train station with a ticket to Washington, D.C.

"Why are you going to Washington?" he was asked.

"Because I was just elected to the Congress," he replied.

"No, no," he was told. "The state legislature. You're supposed to go to Harrisburg."

"I'd say Artie had more to do with us [the Steelers] winning than anybody," says Tim. Artie heads a four-man scouting staff that moves around the country supplementing the services of Bileto VIII, the eight-team scouting cooperative to which the Steelers belong.

The Steeler drafts over the last few years have seemed inspired. Franco Har-

ris, Terry Bradshaw, Mean Joe Greene, Dwight White. When someone suggests that he may have inherited his father's handicapping gifts, in terms of ballplayers rather than horses, Artie looks pleased as Punch.

But what Artie wanted to be when he finished college was an actor. Art Sr. says he is always running into old friends from among "Pittsburgh theatrical people," and he is proud enough that actress Anne Jackson is his cousin. But he was not eager to have an actor son. "I knew Artie was wasting his time," he says, "but I let him play the string out."

So Artie went off to New York to try his fortune. "Actually my type was pretty much in demand," he says. "I made everybody around me on the stage look like fruits." But after a year or so on the boards Artie turned back toward a role more like his father's.

When racing was legalized in Pennsylvania and the family bought into William Penn Raceway, Artie worked there for a while, it being his turn to get a chance to prepare himself for a managerial job. If he had stayed on he would have become president and general manager instead of John, but Artie wanted to return to the Steelers. "The other day after I got back from a trip to the coast," he says, "my wife heard me telling somebody, 'I saw Dog out there, and he said he's seen Bow-wow.' Bow-wow and Dog are a couple of scouts." "When are you going to get a real job?" my wife asked. Artie smiles.

Most observers, however, feel that of all the boys Tim, 35, is most like Art Sr. They think he has the most spark. But Tim couldn't cling to his Pittsburgh roots because there was no more room for Rooneys in the Steeler setup, and after he had worked for a few years as a stockbroker he went down to West Palm Beach to help run the dog track. Then the brothers took on their biggest challenge: the purchase of Yonkers Raceway for some \$48 million.

When Artie came to New York to be an actor he was warned by his brothers that if a man came up to speak to him on the subway it would be for the sake of making unnatural advances. So he nearly slugged the first man who asked him for directions. The Rooney boys are more sophisticated nowadays, but their venture into New York is a hazardous one. Off-track betting has cut into the attendance at Yonkers, the plant there is

aged, Sonny Werblin is planning a big new harness track in New Jersey, and there are 13 different unions to deal with.

The first night Yonkers opened under Rooney management—last June—there were pickets outside. Except for the 1968 NFL players strike, it was the only picket line the Rooneys had ever experienced. "If there was ever any trouble in Pittsburgh," Tim says, "there was no question whose side you were on: you were with the unions." But with Pittsburgh unions, he adds, "you were dealing with guys you grew up with."

Tim still thinks that the union people at Yonkers are "regular guys." On other fronts, he has seen to a good deal of repainting, he plans to winterize the clubhouse and grandstand and he has hired a different advertising agency to attract a new crowd. Meanwhile Art Sr., who used to play the thoroughbreds at Yonkers when it was Empire City, cultivates the old crowd. He comes up every couple of weeks and walks around, running into friends at every turn.

Tim also gets help from the twins, John and Pat, who started trying to improve the family fortunes when they urged their brother to write to their father from training camp about how good a rookie quarterback named Johnny Unitas was. Head Coach Walter Keesling was not giving Unitas a chance. As a matter of fact Unitas had no one to throw to except the twins. Tim dashed off a 22-page epistle but Art Sr. adhered to his non-interference policy. However, right after Keesling cut Unitas, the Rooneys' car, with Keesling riding in the back seat, happened to pull alongside Unitas'. Art Sr. leaned across Keesling and yelled over to Unitas, a Pittsburgh native. "Johnny, I hope you become the greatest quarterback in football."

The twins were pretty good athletes themselves. Pat having something of a future as a pitcher until he hurt his arm. But there was no work for them in sports when they finished college, so John taught high school for three years and Pat worked as a copper salesman. Then Liberty Bell opened and they worked their way up from punching tickets. Now John is president of William Penn, the nighttime harness operation, and Pat is president of Continental, which handles the daytime flat racing.

Before they had established themselves as two of the youngest racing presidents in the country, however, the twins, who

continued

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THE ROONEYS *continued*

are now 34, engaged in a venture which lies behind one of the brothers' observation that "nobody ever lost money on a Rooney except another Rooney."

With John as president and Pat lending a hand, the Rooneys founded the Philadelphia Spartans, a National Professional Soccer League team. The Spartans, says John, "once played to 400 people in the L.A. Coliseum, and 300 of them were ushers." The team lost \$500,000 the first year and the Rooneys disbanded it.

At least one man who has been close to the family for some time thinks that Pat is the twin with the most spark. Certainly Pat comes closest of all the brothers to making a pointed remark about Art Sr.'s view of life. "My father just doesn't understand that when some people wake up in the morning and look at their face in the mirror, it's not the greatest thing in the world," Pat says. "He thinks being a good Catholic takes care of all that." Artie, on the other hand, says of Franco Harris' miraculous playoff catch against Oakland, "That wasn't good scouting. It wasn't good playing. It was my father's 72 years of good Christian living."

The man who fancies Pat's spark thinks he will become more dominant in the family as the years go on. Does that mean dissension looms? Nobody sees signs of it. The Rooneys seem to have resolved their hostilities toward one another in furniture-smashing fights when they were boys. As adults they talk to each other on the phone nearly every day, slip away from convention sessions to drink milk shakes together, accept their various positions in the empire and follow the Steelers.

"If there is ever any trouble among the brothers it will come through the wives," says one observer. But the Rooneys are not uxorious. They have a reputation as staunch and faithful family men (Art has four children, John and Tim five, Pat six and Dan nine), but at Steeler home games the wives sit together on the other side of the field from the men's box, so that the brothers won't have to entertain women's questions.

Pat is doubtless right, as his mother, Kathleen Rooney, was before him, when he says none of the sons is the man his father was. Purity this is a matter of different times. The boys have had at least two exploits that do much credit to the old-time Rooney image but which they have kept out of the public eye because the

continued

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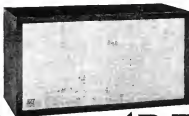
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AR-7

THE ROONEYS

public eye isn't what it used to be. And Pat—whose father appears to love sportswriters as much as they love him—keeps his own name out of Continental press releases because when it gets in the paper his family gets crank calls.

No one man is ever again likely to develop as many different ground-floor sports connections as Art Sr. "It's amazing the depth of his contacts," says Harness Tracks of America President Ed Dougherty. "I asked him once whether Kelso was a late bloomer. He said he would like to buy Kelso but the trainer was going to run him one more time before the owner made up her mind whether she wanted to sell the horse. So he did, and Kelso won by 10 lengths. And Mrs. duPont wasn't interested in selling anymore. That is like asking a guy something about Manhattan, and he says, 'Yeah, you know I ran into those Indians and offered them \$23.'"

None of the young Rooneys will ever enjoy the geographical unities of their father's life. Art Sr. once nearly drowned when Squawker Mullen overturned a canoe in the middle of flooded Exposition Park, which stood on the site of Three Rivers Stadium, where the Steelers play now. But the boys have advanced beyond their father in necessary ways. "He's a brilliant man," says Dougherty. "But he's a man of the handshake. He finds the transition to tax lawyers and controllers uncomfortable."

So far, with their father behind them and with the help of an expert Philadelphia lawyer-loan arranger named John T. Macartney, who is secretary-treasurer of the Yonkers corporation, the brothers are making the transition with a looseness that Johnny Blood might appreciate.

"They can be agonizing in their casualness in coming to meetings late or leaving early or not accepting what the meeting is for," says Dougherty. "Like the Yale band, they like to march out of step. But they do it in a way that's probably as disciplined as the Yale band."

It is a simple matter—the Rooney brothers exhibit the natural, inevitable discipline and tempo of the sons of any authoritarian, democratic-to-a-fault, gambling, pious, two-faced father who kept peace in his heart despite missing out on Kelso and Johnny Umata. The boys may not become legends, but it is no small achievement these days to owe \$60 million without forgetting who you owe.

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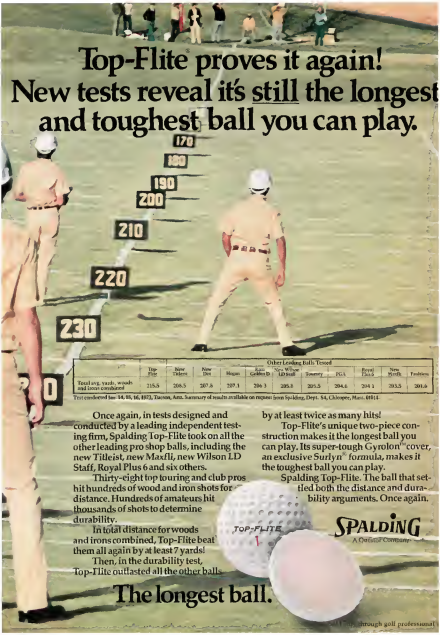
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WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8

The cold war between the National Hockey League and the World Hockey Association has escalated. The Chicago Cougars have paraded away **Mike Hardy**, driver of the Chicago Black Hawks' ice-scraping machine, The Zamboni.

What is rarer than a hole in one? Why, a golfer with the foresight to insure himself against one. **Jodie Stapp** of Vincentown, N.J. had taken out a \$200 policy to cover the traditional free drinks for the house that he would have to buy in event of an ace. So what happened when Stapp strolled into the clubhouse at the Golden Pheasant Golf Club after scoring the first hole in one of his life? Right. Not a customer in the place. "The owner bought drinks for me, my two playing partners and the waitress and wouldn't let me spend a dime," Stapp says. Fortunately, Stapp and his wife can still collect the other policy benefit: a two-week, all-expenses-paid vacation. They are deciding between Hawaii and Acapulco. Stapp will renew the insurance.

★ After rain stopped play at Wimbledon, top-seeded Romanian tennis tyrant **Ilie Nastase** turned vending tyro. Donning an ice-cream monger's outfit, Nas-

tase snuck into the stands calling "choc ices" and sold three to unsuspecting schoolgirls before steward Michael Franklin spotted him and shouted, "Hey, you can't sell ice cream here, laddie." Nastase retreated grinning, but his delight melted when spectators suddenly recognized and mobbed him, screaming for autographs. He had to be smuggled away on the floor of an official car.

Playing in a golf tournament at Galveston, Houston Otter Quarterback **Dan Pastorini** boasted about his good condition. "I've been getting up in the mornings and running on the beach," said Pastorini, a recent groom whose wife is comedy actress **Jane Fonda**. "In fact, Jane and I ran this morning. I'm trying to get her in shape, too."

For those beauties who later develop a bowling-ball figure, **Judi Ford**, Miss America of 1969, is promoting a preventive—bowling-ball exercises. Miss Ford is rolling around the country as a representative of the National Bowling Council, teaching women to use a bowling ball in a calisthenics program designed to "slam down those tough problem areas." It includes bowling-ball prein-ups, kneel-backs, roll-

backs, side to side rolls and, of course, no Parker House or cloverleaf rolls.

Ending a six-week recovery from two broken ribs, **Bill Diddel**, five times the Indiana State amateur golf champion, shot an 87 on the Woodland Country Club course that he designed. He apologized for the score to the 120 members and guests attending his birthday party that night. Somehow it didn't seem necessary. This was Diddel's 89th birthday. "He's the most amazing golfer I've ever seen," says Woodland pro Bill Heinlein, who used to caddy for Diddel, but not when Diddel won his first amateur title—in 1905. "Why, Bill shot a 74 when he was 86 at the Country Club of Naples in Florida, another course he designed. The 12 strokes under his age is supposed to be an all-time record. Last year he had 83 rounds under his age."

★ Shotputter **Brian Oldfield**, a big money-winner of the pro track tour, entered most of the noncash events in this year's Highland Games at Santa Monica, Calif.—everything from the 56-pound hammer throw to the bale-of-hay pitching contest. Oldfield and his team met some trouble in the six-man tug-of-war when the other side, unbeaten in 10 years, got disgusted and let go of the rope, plunging Oldfield into the spectators. In his best event, Oldfield put the shot 65' 1", but he met his match in the caber, which calls for lifting a 16'4" wooden pole, balancing it on a shoulder, taking a short run and then flipping a end over end. The caber nearly fell on Oldfield.

After scoring 407 points in 65 National Football League games, Placekicker **Garo Yepremian** of the Miami Dolphins stood at attention for *The Star-Spangled Banner* in the Orange Bowl once again. Dressed in his



National Guard uniform, the 29-year-old Ypemenian, born on Cyprus of Armenian parents, took the naturalization oath along with 918 other new citizens in a special ceremony the evening of Independence Day. Afterward he recalled his sudden-death field goal that ended pro football's longest game on Christmas Day 1971, then said, "But this is the happiest day of my life."

George Altman, former Chicago Cub outfielder, is wary of Japanese communal baths. "I lost 18 pounds in my first season," says Altman, now playing for the Tokyo Lotte Orions, "mostly because I followed my teammates into the baths after games. Once I puked up a chill at practice and wanted to soak, so I went to a public bath in a hotel. There were supposed to be separate baths for men and women, but soon an elderly woman and her not-so-elderly daughter jumped in. I was really embarrassed. I didn't know what to do. So I just sat in the water for half an hour until they left. By then I was pretty well done."



Where they are doing the swinging

An expert in the design of major league fields assesses home-run patterns in the National League

Home runs are fascinating to everyone who follows baseball, and with Henry Aaron closing in on that record of records, there is no better time than now to take a calculated look at home-run parks, home-run teams and pitching staffs that are stingy with home-run balls—not to mention parks where home runs are difficult to hit, teams that tend not to swing for homers and clubs that do but should not.

As a consultant I have participated in the design or redesign of six major league ball parks; as a home-run analyst I have made a thorough survey of the National League for the past seven years. The results are summarized in the table below. In it are findings that probably will confirm some of your own beliefs,

but there will be some surprises, too.

Three of the teams—the Pirates, the Reds and the Phillies—moved into new stadiums in the early '70s, parks whose home-run characteristics were different from the old ones. Many more home runs are now being hit in Pittsburgh, substantially fewer in Cincinnati and a few more in Philadelphia.

The plus figures in the table are percentages above average potential; the minus figures, percentages below. Thus it is quickly seen that the easiest home run in the league was to be had at Chicago's Wrigley Field (+45), where all games are played in daytime (the air is much less dense than at night) and the wind frequently gives a fly ball a lift. The toughest home run was in Pittsburgh, where spacious Forbes Field thwarted the long ball. The new Three Rivers Stadium is nearer the average, in a class with Busch and Candlestick. Aaron's liking for the Atlanta park is readily explainable: it is a smaller than average field with warmer than average temperatures and a relatively high altitude (560 feet), thus thinner air.

In the second column each team's basic home-run capability is assessed according to a formula as if they all played in the same park. On that basis the Pirates and Giants lead, followed by the Reds, Padres and Braves.

Now we come to a consideration that is highly significant and largely unappreciated: home-run emphasis. Let's call a team that goes for the home run consistently an overswinging team; a team that

does not, an underswinging team. "Overswinging" is measured by means of six different assessments involving actual home runs. A power team in a power park should be an overswinging team, you say, and vice versa. But this is not always the case. Furthermore, visiting teams tend to play the same kind of game as the home team, regardless of power potential and park dimensions.

As overswingers the Mets are the most amazing. Shea is not a good home-run stadium (-10), and the Mets' home-run capability is very low (-18), but they are the overswingingest team (+23)—and their opponents have gone overboard even more (+26). It is also surprising that there has not been more overswinging by the Reds in view of the home-run potential of Crosley Field and now Riverfront. Underswinging makes sense for the Dodgers in a difficult home-run stadium, but here the opponents tend to overswing, possibly because distances are the same for large parts of the outfield and a well-hit ball can go out anywhere.

The Giants and the Cardinals offer the greatest overall contrast. Nearly every number derived from Candlestick is positive, nearly every one from Busch is negative. The Giants are big home-run hitters, they overswing at home and their pitching allows plenty of home runs. Conversely, the Cardinals do not have a lot of power, do not swing for the fences and their pitchers allow few home-run balls. This accounts for the difference in home runs hit at the two parks—963 at Candlestick and 598 at Busch—de-

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE HOME RUN, 1966-72

	STADIUM HOME-RUN POTENTIAL	HOME-RUN HITTING CAPABILITY	HOME-RUN EMPHASIS		PITCHING: HOME RUNS ALLOWED	COMBINED HOME-RUN/PITCHING CAPABILITY
			AT HOME	VISITORS		
Pirates	-20	+21	-85	-45	+2	+19
Reds	+10	-11	+2	-2	+15	+95
Braves	+20	+7	+12	+17	+25	+95
Giants	-5	+17	+20	+3	+9	+8
Padres	-15	+9	-10	-4	+75	+15
Cardinals	-5	-11	-16	-8	-115	-105
Cubs	+45	+05	-4	-12	+25	-2
Astros	-20	+35	-165	-145	+75	-4
Dodgers	-20	-13	-6	+4	-8	-5
Phillies	+10	-6	-7	-9	-05	-55
Mets	-30	-18	+23	+26	-55	-125
Expos	+20	-20	+11	+4	-2	-19

spite their similar home-run potential.

Pitching to deny the home run is obviously good for morale and the box score, and the Cardinals have been best. When you combine the teams' basic home-run capabilities with their pitching effectiveness, the Pirates emerge way out in front with a +19. The Reds, Braves and Giants come next, but far below the Pirates. The Padres, Cardinals and Cubs are in the middle range and down at the bottom of the chart the Expos are lowest with a -19.

But remember, these statistics represent only what the *home run* has meant to each team. Some, like the Pirates and Reds, have pennants to show. Others, like Aaron's Braves, have little more than the home run itself. They currently lead the majors with 99, but trail the Dodgers (54 home runs) by 13½ games in the West.

THE WEEK

(July 17)

by JOE MARSHALL

NL WEST

Los Angeles, which had won 21 times during the month of June, started July with six straight defeats. Then Don Sutton went the route to beat the Pirates. When LA defeated Pittsburgh the next night as well, Sutton commented, "I said early in the year we would be the best ball club in the National League, but we'd have to pass the acid test by showing we can bounce back from rough times. I think we showed that after those six losses. We're going to be tougher now."

The second-place Giants failed to capitalize on the temporary Dodger collapse, losing five games themselves. The only contender to improve its position substantially was Cincinnati, which took the last three games of a four-game series from LA and two of three from the Giants. The Reds' top Giant killer has been slender Dave Concepcion, batting .487 against San Francisco pitching this year. Fred Norman has turned killer, too. Acquired from the Padres on June 12 with a 1-7 record, he got his sixth victory with his fifth complete game in six starts as a Red.

With Houston reeling, Coach Preston Gomez called a pep meeting. The Astros then swept a doubleheader from the Braves. But the inspiration was short-lived. Houston dropped the next four straight, giving up 39 runs.

The Braves got a shutout from Carl Morton, a five-hitter from Ronc Harrison and a two-hitter from Ron Schueler, but Brave pitchers yielded a total of 61 runs in six out-

er games, losing four. Still, Henry Aaron hit No. 694, and an Atlanta bank promised 300 silver dollars to the reprieve of No. 700. No one was putting a price on No. 715.

Steve Arlin pitched his second straight shutout for San Diego, a two-hitter, as the Padres swept three from the Dodgers to move within 21 games of the lead. "If we'd played like this since the start of the season, there never would have been any thought of moving [to Washington]," said President Bernie Baran.

LA 49-30 SF 42-30 CIN 46-36
HOU 42-42 ATL 38-43 SD 30-54

NL EAST

Chicago still held a sound lead, but there were intimations of a slide. Owner P. K. Wrigley was happy to see the Cubs' home stand completed and eager to pick up the check for all the players' wives and children to go on their annual team trip—this time to the West Coast. Chicago finished the week with just three wins in seven games, and even the Phillies, who beat the Cubs two out of three at Wrigley Field, were talking pennant. Steve Carlton pitched his first complete victory since June 8 and Rookie Dick Ruthven threw a two-hit, 1-0 shutout at Bob Gibson and the Cardinals. But it was still surprising that a crowd of 58,294 turned out to watch the Phillies when they came in to win the pennant. They promptly lost that game 8-2 to Cincinnati, then lost another.

The Pirates took a five-game winning streak west, and it went west, Pittsburgh dropping five of six. For the Mets, miseries multiplied. They continued to lose games—and players. The latest casualties were George Theodore and Don Hahn, victims of an outfield collision. The New York Post ran a ballot on its back page with pictures of Manager Yogi Berra, General Manager Bob Schefling and Chairman of the Board M. Donald Grant, inviting readers to vote which one should be fired—or all.

One of the scariest Met losses was to the Expos, who set team records for hits and runs in a 19-8 tearaway. Montreal won six of its last seven games in a 5-3 week despite giving up 38 runs. How? Easy. They scored 63 times on 83 hits, 26 of the runs in a 12-8, 14-6 doubleheader win over Houston. Catcher John Boccabella became the 14th man in major league history to hit two home runs in an inning, and one of those was a grand slam. The barrage landed Montreal severely in third with a .300 record.

But the real pressure for the Cubs seems to be coming from St. Louis, which has played at a 37-18 clip since May 10. The Cards lost only three times in eight games and won three of four from Pittsburgh. Lou Brock raised his career total for stolen bases to 589, overtaking Maury Wills and moving into 14th place on the all-time list. He has

stolen more bases than any man in the majors in the last 43 years.

CHI 46-36 ST. L 43-33 MON 40-40
PHIL 32-44 PIT 37-43 NY 34-48

AL WEST

"You can't play here and be happy," said Oakland's Reggie Jackson after a 3-1 loss to the California Angels. "I don't mean the owner [Charlie Finley], he's fine. But somebody makes a mistake and the coaches start hollering and kicking watercoolers. They act like they were Babe Ruth, like they never made any mistakes. With these coaches you get two home runs and they say, 'Well, that's your job.'"

"Tell Jackson I'm tired of watching him play half the time, too," retorted Coach Jerry Adair.

In that frame of mind the Athletics prospered, as is their wont, winning five of eight. Catfish Hunter won twice—his seventh and eighth in a row—to make his record 13-3. Blue Moon Gdon got his first win since May 12 in a doubleheader sweep of the stumbling White Sox.

Chicago, with leg miseries hobbling four regulars, dropped six of 10 although Walter Wood, who had lost six straight and nine of his last 11, finally won No. 15. Despite the shocking slump, he is one win behind Denny McLain's 31-game winning pace of 1968.

Kansas City's Ken Wright gave thanks to the team's "visualization" expert for a four-hit, complete-game win over Detroit. The win extended a Royal streak to five and moved KC from fifth to second in the standings, one game behind Oakland. The Royal offense, which had been sagging, exploded for 12 runs on each of two consecutive nights.

California split six games while Minnesota split eight. The Twins' Tony Oliva became the first designated hitter to elude three home runs in a game—which Minnesota lost anyway—but the big news was the debut of Eddie Bane, Minnesota's collegiate version of Texas' David Clyde. The Arizona State University ace attracted 45,800 in his first start (a Metropolitan Stadium regular-season record) and went seven innings, allowing just one run and three hits before being lifted with no decision. Alan, Minnie lost that game, too, so Kansas City 5-4.

Speaking of Clyde, he lost in his third outing—to Milwaukee 17-2, although he was not as bad as the two relievers who followed him, giving up but four earned runs. His record is now 1-1. Texas found some pitching solace in two complete-game victories by veteran Jim Merritt and a second straight strong performance by Jim Bibby, who has allowed no earned runs and a mere five hits in his last two starts.

OAK 47-28 KC 47-40 MINN 43-27
CAL 42-36 CHI 42-30 TEX 23-61

continued



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BASEBALL continued

AL EAST When your left-field fence is as close as the one in Fenway Park (315 feet) it does not pay to carry many left-handers on your pitching staff. Boston never has, but Red Sox Manager Eddie Kasko found a way to throw three southpaws at first-place New York in a five-game series at Yankee Stadium. The goal was to avoid .397-hitter Ron Blomberg, who only bats against righties, and the results were most rewarding. First, John Curtis shut out the Yankees 1-0. Roger Moret won by the same score in a Fourth of July doubleheader sweep (rightly Ray Culp taking the other game), and Bill Lee finished the series with his 10th win.

The Yankees salvaged their lone win behind a three-run homer by Blomberg and yet another save by Sparky Lyle, who has rescued 22 games, singlehandedly tying the league's next best bullpen—Detroit's. Carl Yastrzemski had forecast the Red Sox' mastery. "When I said we'd win four out of five in New York, it wasn't really a prediction," he explained, "it was a need." By taking seven of nine games during the week, the Red Sox moved into third, only 1½ games out.

Detroit got a team-record 35th shutout from Mickey Lolich and also won the American League's first pitching duel between brothers, although both Jim Perry and the Indians' Gaylord (page 27) took showers well ahead of schedule. The Tigers lost three of four at the end of the week to wind up in fourth, there only by the grace of Milwaukee, which continued its slump, dropping five of eight.

COBB BACK FOR THE COMEBACK billboards have urged Baltimore fans all season. For a while this looked like the week. After dropping a doubleheader to the Tigers and the opening game of a four-game series to the Brewers, the Orioles rallied from deficits of 7-3, 4-1 and 5-0 to win three straight. In so doing they scored 12 eighth-inning runs, confirming the worst fears of Brewer fans, who had shuddered when Milwaukee dealt four pitchers to the Phillies in the off-season to gain extra hitting. Rich Coggins batted in the tie breaker in the third Bud won with an eighth-inning single to the wrong field. "I took a very unorthodox cut," he said, "and when I hit it, I said 'Aw, nuts.' Yet it beat a guy on a ball game."

But alas, the Orioles managed only a 4-5 week when they fell short two out of three times in catch-up games in Oakland.

The Indians, on a treadmill, lost six of eight. General Manager Phil Seghi said the team's most critical problem was "a lack-luster approach." Among Indians lacking luster was Outfielder George Hendrick, who was fined for nonhumile.

NY 47-38 BAL 41-38 BOS 42-37
DET 42-41 MIL 40-41 CLEV 39-55

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Off in a hurry to hook those hawks

Hawks and Cadillacs. To catch hawks you need Cadillacs," drawled a fisherman surveying Ross Barnett Reservoir outside Jackson, Miss. with a knowing eye. By hawks he meant largemouth bass—large largemouth bass—and by Cadillacs the posh, overpowered tournament boats that pack nearly every angling weapon known to man.

The proliferating bass boats are the wonder of the industry. They range from single-handed skimmers to 18-foot wedding cakes and in their most sophisticated form they boast:

Huge engines—up to 150 hp—that make them fly as much as float.

An oxygen meter to reveal where the hawks hang out—the more free oxygen in the water the more likely the presence of bass.

An underwater thermometer. Bass prefer cool water to warm.

A depth sounder—not to find fish, but to get a profile of the bottom of a body of water and detect holes where hawks might lurk.

A live well, because many tournaments nowadays give bonus points for a live catch. In the past tournament fishermen were stripping lakes and reservoirs clean of bass in a single competition, but that is changing. More often than not the bass now are returned to the water after weighing.

Then there are fishing charts that swivel and tilt to satisfy the pickiest angler. There are special platforms to elevate him above it all and give him a sharper view of his quarry. There are rod holders, glass holders and iceboxes. Underfoot, carpeting deadens sounds made in the boat, lulling the unsuspecting fish.

Finally, there is the ubiquitous electric outboard. Having speed at 50 mph to a hole where the bass should be biting, the contestant switches to silent electric power and sneaks up on 'em.

According to Forrest Wood, designer of the Ranger boats that at present dominate most tournaments, some people are bigger on equipment than they are on fishing. He should know. At the Rebel Invitational on Ross Barnett Reservoir this year he drove a silver-flaked Ranger that would dazzle the most jaded largemouth. It cost him about \$6,000, which is a lot to pay for a small open fishing boat, even if it is replete with fancy gad-

gets. "How many things you got on that, anyway?" yelled a friend one day.

"I dunno myself," replied Wood, shoving his Stetson back on his head. "I dunno how to use half of 'em, and the other half are dummies."

About 15% of the 200 contestants at an average bass fishing tournament are professionals—that is, men who can win enough prize money to make it a substantial source of income. A 32-year-old named Roland Martin, for example, has pocketed \$22,000 in a single season. But don't confuse Martin with the jolly fisherman who bellies up to the bar after a hard day's work to tell about the hawk that got away. When Martin's around, they don't get away. "If I don't get a fish on three of four casts," he says with a snap of the fingers, "I go." One rival of Martin's says, "You don't laugh and joke out there, it's a whole different game."

When Martin goes he goes fast. His only defense against men who would trail him to the best bass holes—everybody does advance scouting—is speed. When the boats are sent off in three howling waves at the start of a tournament to fish a lake 40 miles long by 10 wide, say, the racing can be just as competitive as the casting.

And let's face it, people like fast boats anyway—and damn the tree stumps that trap many a bass lake. "When they shoot the gun, you floorboard the thing," says Forrest Wood. Stan Sloan of Nashville, who concocts the non-fouling Zorro lures, runs a 16-footer with a whacking big 150-hp engine weighing down its stern. Its horsepower far surpasses the limit prescribed by the Boating Industry Association for a craft of that size, but no matter.

Andy Williams of Union Springs, Ala. is another speed merchant. His Allison also has a 150-hp sting in its tail. "It pleases me to know I can go anywhere I want to, anytime," says Williams of his skimmer. "This boat moves. I've always liked a fast rig because it treats me good. I get a lot of personal enjoyment out of horsepower along with the fishing."

In another day fishing was fishing and running was running, but as one man with a Cadillac but no hawks in the live well summed it up, "If you can't catch fish, you just have fun running." **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STEVENS

A BASS BOAT SAMPLER: lights for dawn, dusk work, some lavish instruments, Forrest Wood and his "I dunno" speedster, and two pairs of anglers ghosting under electric power.

Tee-up time is midnight

Wasting all that 24-hour illumination is a sin, figure the fanatics of Yellowknife. So they stage an event that goes on—and on and on . . .

Superficially Yellowknife is similar to many small Canadian or U.S. towns of 8,000 or so— a few banks, discount stores, a fried-chicken emporium, a joint or two, parking problems, a mini-mall and a small colony of street people. Yet in more substantive respects it is unique among communities of this continent. Most of its distinctions flow directly from its quite literally far-out geography. Perched on the permafrost along the far shore of Great Slave Lake, Yellowknife is Canada's most northerly city. To the south, over an elongated gravel pit sometimes called the Mackenzie Highway, it is 360 hard miles to the Alberta border. To the north there is not

much in the way of society until you get to Mongolia.

Functionally speaking, Yellowknife is the metropolis of the central Arctic, the capital of the Northwest Territories, that vast chunk of tundra, ice, bears, mosquitoes and muskox that is half the size of the United States. With 8,000 souls, Yellowknife has about a quarter of the population of the entire NWT, which says something about the density of people in the other 1,300,000 square miles of the Canadian Arctic.

Weather is a big Yellowknife feature. Most of it strikes southerners, no matter when they visit the area, as exceptional, one way or another. As might be expected,

winters are brisk, with an average January temperature of -30° . They are also gloomy, there being a three-month period during which the sun rises only grudgingly above the horizon each day, hangs around for a few hours and then splits for somewhere else. Yellowknifers, who tend to be boosters, claim that the winter-long darkness is soothing, giving them a chance to catch up on indoor chores and rest for the summer, when they say they have the best 24-hour weather in the world. The joys of living in a dark soxbox for months on end may be debatable, but bragging about summer in Yellowknife has some justification. Day after day— and for that matter night after night—the skies are blue and bright, the temperature stays in the 60s and 70s, and it seldom rains because, meteorologically speaking, much of the central Arctic is a desert. (All that ice, snow and water is lying about because once it falls it stays put, there being very little evaporation.) The overall climate between May, when the ice melts, and September, when it begins to freeze again, is somewhat similar to that of Tucson at its best.

There is a social phenomenon in Yellowknife that is probably related to the isolation of the community and its out-post status. The town is full of out-and-out sports fanatics. Curling, hockey, baseball, golf and tennis, plus a few regional entertainments such as dog-team and canoe racing, are pursued incessantly, often under conditions that would destroy the sporting spirit of a visitor. "Perhaps we are a bit keener on sport than the average, but up here we have to make our own fun," says Bill McGill, a retired soldier who now works for the Territorial government. McGill has spent most of his career in the Far North and has played and organized games in all sorts of odd places. At the moment his special preoccupation is the Yellowknife Golf Club of which he is president. As well as anything else, a weird event he conducts each year, called the Midnight Golf Marathon, illustrates the problems and the passions of Arctic sport and Arctic life.

The Yellowknife golf course came into existence 25 years ago, and is a monument to man's determination to pursue the sport of his choice. Since grass does not grow in Yellowknife, or at best survives for a scraggly season or so, the course designers went to work with what



RICK SPARLING, A LOCAL HERO, DRIVES FROM ONE OF THE PLATFORM TEES

they had. Mostly what they had—what the Arctic has a lot of—is a strange kind of glacial sand, sometimes called till, which in composition is something like talcum powder mixed with molasses and ground glass. Selecting a nice expanse of sand north of town, the golfers built wooden platforms to serve as tees. A few hundred yards or so below each tee they oiled patches of sand and called them greens. Not much time was spent putting in artificial hazards since nature had already taken care of that. Clumps of gnarled, tenebrous jack pine cling to life and the sand. Enormous slabs of granite from which a golf ball ricochets like a rifle slug litter the lunarlike landscape. Finally, nestled in the dunes are deceptive little pockets of muskeg into which a golf ball—or a golfer—can sink until reaching the permafrost. After laying out nine holes through this terrain, the Yellowknifers dragged in the fuselage of a defunct DC-3 to serve as a clubhouse (it has since been replaced by a more conventional frame building anchored to a granite boulder) and they had their country club. They also had themselves a game that most golfers would feel was conceived in hell rather than the Arctic.

Par is 35 and the course length is 2,504 yards, but such statistics are deceptive. For example, the distance of any drive is how far the ball travels in the air; once it hits the talc-molasses it stops for good. Short of King Kong, there is nobody with wrists strong enough to blast a second, third or 20th shot out of the fairways in the normal style. The preferred technique is to delicately punch the ball, lifting it out of the dunes without getting any of the ferocious sand between clubhead and ball. The oiled greens hold approaches about as well as a sidewalk, so the smart player goes for the widest part of the green instead of the pin and simply hopes his ball will stop rolling before it gets back in the sand.

The greens themselves putt true if you get to your ball before a raven carries it off. The course suffers what might be called the biological hazards of Arctic golf. For example, the fifth rule on the club scorecard states there is no penalty for losing a ball to a raven. There is nothing gimmicky about the rule; it is a sensible adaptation to local conditions. There are lots of ravens about Yellowknife and like all members of the crow family they have a passion for collecting curious objects. Golf balls seem partic-

continued



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ularly curious to them. The local record for most balls lost to ravens in a single round—seven—is held by Pat Friesen, a staff member of the *News of the North*, the local paper.

Far more formidable than the ravens are the mosquitoes and blackflies, the biting insects that are the curse of the North. In the summer months they swarm out of the muskeg in dense clouds and intimidate all warm-blooded creatures, including golfers. Beekeeper head nets are favored by those with thin skins, and everyone bundles up in stiff clothes as armor against bloodsucking insects.

Having, in a manner of speaking, created their course, Yellowknife golfers kept jogging along, fighting the ravens, itching their bites and holding average sorts of club tournaments for a number of years. Then one summer night, while a bunch of them were more or less whooping it up in the DC-3 fuselage, somebody had the idea that, given the sleepless sun, a man could play golf almost endlessly. Unfortunately, nobody asked the most pertinent question—Why? Rather the golfers became intrigued with the question of how long a man could or would play. To find out, the Midnight Marathon was created 10 years ago.

The rules of the event are relatively simple. Any golfer from anywhere, amateur or pro, can enter—though God forbid that a sensitive soul like Dave Hill should appear. The Marathon begins at 12:01 a.m. on the Saturday nearest to June 21st, the day of the midnight sun. On Friday evening the golfers and various hangers-on assemble at the course and proceed to fortify themselves for the ordeal ahead. At midnight a shotgun is fired and the foursomes, fivesomes—sometimes more, sometimes less, since the previous fortification period tends to confuse things a bit—start playing. After that they just keep on through the mosquitoes and ravens until they stop or drop. Between each nine holes a 15-minute break is allowed during which the contestants can soak their feet, eat, cry or, more commonly, further fortify themselves.

The Marathon distance varies each year, being determined by the previous year's performance. For example, the 1972 winner was Alex Repchuk, personnel officer of a Yellowknife gold mine, who went 153 holes and 36 hours. Therefore, in 1973 the low score for 153 holes

would be the winner. However, after the Marathon is finished, anyone on his or her feet has the option of continuing play to establish a new standard. In this year's championship the original field of 34 had dwindled to four by Sunday morning, some 30 hours after the event had started. Repchuk had been forced out with a locked shoulder after a mere 117 holes. Three of the survivors were Yellowknifers—Otto Stable, a painting contractor; Sandy Hutchinson, the manager of the local hockey arena; and Mick Sparling, a mailwright. The fourth survivor, and the eventual winner, was, surprisingly, a college student from California named John Davis. A seven handicapper, Davis stumbled groggily along, swinging mechanically, trying desperately to focus his eyes, which were puffed by sleeplessness and mosquitoes, long enough to see his ball in the sand.

"I don't know why I did it," Davis mumbled afterward. "It's crazy. Do it again? You're out of your head. I'm not going to play golf for a long time, like a year. I'm golf poisoned." After reaching the clubhouse for the last time, Davis sat with catatonic disinterest as he was informed he was the 1973 Midnight Marathon champ with an average of 40.9 strokes for each of the 17 rounds of nine holes he had played.

Though Davis was the official golf-by-score winner, local pride was salvaged when Hutchinson and Sparling easily won the golf-by-torture endurance contest. Still full of fight after the 153 "regulation" holes, Sparling, a frail-looking 139-pound 43-year-old, invited his partner out for a "few more whacks."

"Mick, I have to go to work at the bloody job tonight; we're putting down ice for a hockey school," said a somewhat less enthusiastic Hutchinson, pulling strongly on a beer.

"Come on, man, I can't play alone," Sparling persisted, giving evidence of why he is regarded as one of Yellowknife's best and most insatiable athletes. "We'll get serious now, a few more whacks will loosen you up for work."

So off the two went into the glare of the midnight sun. And 171 holes, 38 hours and 27 miles after they had begun, Hutchinson and Sparling finally called it quits, bringing to an end a happening that must stand—at least until next year—as a monument, if not to the game of golf then at least to man's grim determination to play the game. **END**

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Tall and terrific, javelin wonder Kathy Schmidt warms up for...

Her turn at a record

Now let's see, where do you begin with Kathy Schmidt? She is large (6' 1", 168 pounds) but not muscular. She is athletic, but she seeks out the company of people she considers intellectual. She has trained hard for years, often with considerable pain, but hates to lift weights as her coach recommends. She is addicted to chocolate chip cookies, but would like to give the impression that her real indulgence is gin. She has been described by her friends as a passionate person, and by the same friends as cool. She is, in sum, one imposing, personable, 19-year-

old enigma about whom everything seems contradictory until she steps out to compete. Then she is, without doubt, the finest woman javelin thrower this country has ever produced.

Yes, the javelin. She throws it, fairly often for an American record. Soon, she hopes, she will break the world record. Though she and her coach Dave Pearson argue over her seemingly less-than-dedicated training habits, there is a determination about her that chills those who throw against her.

The javelin is not the sort of thing one larks about with Babe Didrikson, sunny, relentless, tough—threw the javelin and won a gold medal in the 1932 Olympics. She had what the javelin takes, at least as Pearson sees it.

"You come down the runway, which measures about 80 to 100 feet, holding the javelin horizontally in the palm of your right hand about four or five inches from your ear. Between 25 and 40 feet from the foul line, you take your shoulders back and rotate them 50 degrees to the right so that they are parallel to the direction of the throw. While extending your arm backward, you take four cross steps followed by a hop off your left foot. Still in the air, you set up the throw by rotating your right hip 45 degrees back and bending your torso backward to bring your hips and feet ahead of the torso. You come down on your right foot. As soon as your weight travels past your right foot and before your center of gravity shifts to the left leg, you drive off your right foot into the left leg by turning the right heel out and jamming the left foot into the ground. This whips your right hip very quickly to the front again so that your upper body is twisted. Before your weight has entirely traveled over to your left leg, you must have completed your throw, and the sudden thrust is very aggravating to the elbow."

Pearson says only six or eight men ever have mastered the technique, which may or may not be a pointed reference to Kathy, who has shared an admire-ignore relationship with her coach almost since they first met four years ago. But if Kathy has not perfected her throw, she has done more with it than all but one woman. Babe Didrikson, for instance, won at Los Angeles with a toss of 143' 4". Kathy raised the American mark to 200' 6" last year, then to 205' 6" and 207' 10" and

finally to 208' 1", a mark topped only by Ruth Fuchs' world record of 213' 5". Kathy will meet Fuchs, an East German, at the World University Games in Moscow next month, and it is her ambition not only to win there but to set a world record. She has long believed that she has to set it before she turns 20—next Dec. 29.

Such an idea did not come from the Schmidt family, none of them are particularly sports minded, although her father, the president of a Century City insurance company, noted that even as a little girl his daughter seemed to have an unusual athletic aptitude. He had visions of raising a top-seeded tennis player or a goffer. Kathy did become a good tennis player, but softball was her game. One day a coach at a Long Beach ball park told her, "You have a strong arm. You could become a javelin thrower." Whereupon Kathy asked for a javelin for Christmas. "A what?" said Mr. Schmidt, but she complied and Kathy was launched, so to speak. Armed with her spear she joined a Long Beach track club, the Comets, and thus began the learning process.

"Javelin throwing is not at all like ball throwing," she says. "You can't do it on a strong arm alone. You have to develop muscles and learn the technique, and that takes years." Still, she went to the national championships that first year (1968), won the girls' division for 14- to 17-year-olds and placed fifth in the women's competition.

At the time, Pearson was a sprint coach with the Comets, but he was the only one around who knew anything about the javelin. He learned in high school after spending all of his savings on a javelin, a discus and a shot, none of which was going to do him much good in his specialty, middle-distance running. He read books and viewed slow-motion film loops and though he never managed to toss any of his new paraphernalia very far he became a student of techniques. For two years he worked out every Sunday with Frank Covelli, the former U.S. record holder in the javelin and most likely the best technician in the country.

Early in 1970, when Kathy was barely 16, she threw 191' 6" at a UCLA men's meet. Not long afterward at the Claremont Relays she decided it was time to go after the world record of six years

continued

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Here's how many it takes for a Beetle.*

*EPA est.



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standing, 204' 8". "I wanted it like nothing else," she says. "I wanted to *kill* the javelin." She warmed up with a toss of 206 feet. Then, in an all-out effort during the competition, it happened: half-way through the throw her arm snapped. She heard it snap. It remained stuck at an angle. She had torn the tendon off the bone at the elbow, and doctors told her she would do well to forget the javelin. "They said, 'If you throw again you'll have to throw with pain,'" recalls Kathy. "I figured that. I don't even consider it pain. It's just what I have always had: a sore elbow."

Kathy's case was complicated by the fact that she had not stopped growing when her elbow came unhinged. The doctors ordered complete rest for her arm until she reached full growth and a new attachment to the bone had formed. "That took two dull years," says Kathy.

When she came back last year she treated the elbow gingerly, until Pearson goaded her into trying harder. There were words—there always have been

words—but the two remain friends, probably for no other reason than that they both feel someday soon Kathy will become the best woman javelin thrower in history. She has the size and the competitive presence, something that was very evident during the Olympic javelin preliminaries last year at Munich. While others heaved and sighed and warmed down and warmed up between throws, Kathy strolled slowly over to a steeplechase hurdle, sat down on it and ate from a box of Rice Krispies.

"Some people criticize me for being so cash [for casual]," says Kathy. "but I perform best when I'm calm. I wasn't doing my jumping jacks, but three of the top contenders who were didn't make the finals." Kathy did, coming in third to Fuchs and another East German, Jacqueline Todten. Her bronze medal represented exactly half of the total of individual medals won by U.S. women in track and field (the other, a bronze by Kathy Hammond in the 300 meters).

Off the field Kathy Schmidt is as con-

fident as she is on it. She revels in her height and dominates almost everybody around her. "She is very headstrong," says her mother. "Very determined. We fought many battles."

Last December, with her parents' blessings, Kathy moved out of the family home and took an apartment nearby with a girl friend. She is a student at Long Beach City (Junior) College, where she expects to graduate as a communications or media major and eventually become an announcer.

Meanwhile, Kathy is working this summer for Pearson, who has a successful landscaping business. She rises at five every morning to water the lawn at a private club and perform other chores, and practices every afternoon. Recently she hit 228 feet during a workout, but Pearson expects much more. "She has the potential to reach 250 feet," he says. "probably between the ages of 22 and 26, when she will be at her strongest." Which is a long vote of confidence for the feminine physique. **END**

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On the morning of the first day of the big cannon shoot, the farmer across the road said mama had decided the didn't want those people on her property after all. That meant the cannons had to be wheeled back into downtown Luckenbach, where a new range had to be cleared. It caused something of a problem because Luckenbach was holding its first annual world's fair at the time.

The hill country of Central Texas has a colorful history, but never anything like the Luckenbach World's Fair. To start with, the town of Luckenbach is peculiar enough. Luckenbach has a general store that began in 1889 as an Indian trading post and has operated ever since. It has a cotton gin, a post office, a saloon attached to the general store, a dance hall, a few other buildings, a horse-operated sugarcane grinder for making molasses, two creeks and somewhere between four and 11 residents, depending on whom you happen to ask.

The general store does about a third of its business in baiter, swapping chicken feed and groceries for eggs and milk. Many of the farmers in the surrounding hills are industrious and determined descendants of Germans who settled the area more than 100 years ago after being hustled into a big real-estate promotion across the ocean. German is still spoken as the first language in many farmhouses in the rough cedar- and oak-covered countryside.

But Luckenbach never would have gotten around to holding a world's fair if a young man named Bill Kooch, known by everybody as "Guich" (pronounced Gitch), hadn't learned three years ago that Luckenbach was for sale. Guich called up his friend Hondo Crouch, who was an All-America swimmer at the University of Texas before Guich was born, and they bought the town. Later Kathy Morgan, a rancher, came in as a partner. Luckenbach is a congenial place. The dance hall does a good business on Saturday night, the general store keeps busy enough, and there is a nice trade in molasses. Painters and people working with handicrafts started hanging around town. Pretty soon they asked if they could have an arts and crafts fair at Luckenbach. "We talked it over and said, sure," recalls Guich. "Then we thought, why not make it a world's fair?"

Thus the Luckenbach World's Fair. Tents, booths, trailers, camper trucks set

Having themselves a blast

The Luckenbach World's Fair had more going for it than fried rattlesnake meat—a cannon contest featuring real shot and shell, for instance

up all over the place. There were silversmiths, sculptors, leatherworkers, antique dealers, painters, a taxidermist, a whittler, an ironsmith and a booth that sold hand-carved lead soldiers. Chalupas, enchiladas and sausage and beans were available. A man from South Texas brought in 600 pounds of rattlesnake meat, fried it and sold it out of a tent for 50 cents a piece. It's true. Rattlesnake meat does taste like chicken.

Now they had all this stuff, but would anybody show up?

Tony Bell would certainly show, because he had helped organize the world's fair cannon shoot, and he and his wife Claire had two of the five cannons entered. Tony is an Austin artist who also does things like buy old moose heads and battle flags and build full-scale replicas of World War I airplanes and decorate bars by hanging machine guns from the ceiling. In a friend's garage he built the hot boat for the *Bottom* TV show. Lately he has been interested in cannons. The first time Tony fired his cannon—a muzzle-

loading parrot gun that he cast—was on a hill west of Austin. The noise was terrific. Louder than any rock band. Tony loved it. A sheriff's car screamed up to the hill and a deputy jumped out. Tony thought he might be arrested. Instead, the deputy yelled, "Hey, man, do it again."

On the first day of the cannon shoot in downtown Luckenbach, the place kept getting more and more crowded until by late afternoon at least 11,000 people were roaming around. Off to one side of the cannon range, bands were playing. Behind the range was the fried-rattlesnake tent. On three sides of the range were lines of craft and antique booths. At the end of the range, about 100 yards down, was a stack of hay bales. Beyond the hay bales was a levee that was supposed to catch the high shots. But right in front of the hay bales was a constant parade of world's fair townsfolk who seemed unable to comprehend that the cannons aimed at them were shooting real cannonballs powered by real black powder.

continued





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SHOOTING

"Live ammo! Live ammo! Get out of the way, woman! We don't want blood and guts all over the range!" shouted Randal Gilbert, who was dressed up like a Civil War officer. Gilbert's cannon crew and accompanying musketeers were all dressed in some form of Civil War garb, as befitted members of the Austin Reenactment Society. The woman finally understood and hurried off. Bam! The cannonball bounced in front of the hay bales, sailed over the levee and clipped branches from pecan trees. "They're running my business," said the lady in the antique booth beside the hay bales. "I ought to be selling helmets and breastplates."

On the second and final day of the Luckenbach World's Fair the antique and crafts booths had disappeared from the sides of the cannon range and an outhouse had been erected in front of the hay bales. The outhouse was the target for the contest. Another 8,000 people had arrived for the fair. Still around was a cannon team from the Zeta Theta chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity from Southwest Texas State University in San Marcos, alma mater of LBJ.

Explosions rattled the bottles of black draught on the shelves in downtown Luckenbach. Smoke and the smell of powder drifted in the fierce heat. Cannons of all sizes fired nine shots each, five for the record. The fraternity cannon hit the outhouse four times out of five. Claire Bell and her crew hit it three. Tony and several others also claimed to have hit it three. "Those fancy guys," said Claire, pointing at the Reenactment Society, many of them shirtless now and sweating and rather disgruntled, "they never did hit it at all." The outhouse was still standing, but not for long. All the cannons were pulled forward 50 yards and arranged to deliver a broadside. "Put in a double canner. We'll hit it one way or another," said Randal Gilbert. A man and a woman strolled across the top of the levee. "Fire in the hole! Fire in the hole!" shouted the cannoners.

Bam! Bam! Bam! A raggedy broadside, the fuses burning down at different times. The smoke cleared. The outhouse had vanished. Blown to bits. "Far out!" yelled a cannoneer. The crowd cheered. Tony Bell was happy. "Next year the fair ought to draw cannons from all over the country," he said. "I'm hoping we can get a bigger range." The arts and crafts people feel the same way.

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*There are not many tubbies left, men
who like to belly up and chow down,
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girth and talk with joy of eating*
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always ready to chew the fat

John Wesley Powell dug the last of a dozen snails from its cave of garlic, butter and herbs, savored it, washed it down with a sip of Medoc and fell back in the fake Louis XIV chair. He began to croon *Hello Walls* in a perfect imitation of Faron Young. Escargots and Nashville in a French restaurant in Miami. The walls that Powell greeted were covered with bed-sheet-size maps of Paris and Bordeaux behind blue glass and, as a recent trip confirmed, the walls of the men's room were adorned with poodles, *pigeons*, *kacoks* and Eiffel towers every 11 inches. The place was so potentially French that I thought the hot air blower was going to sing the *Marseillaise* while it dried my hands. Charles Boyer in a telephone booth, onion soup served in berets.

The headwaiter was preparing the second course, a Caesar salad. He was dropping eggs and anchovies into it as if he were going to feed the multitude that listened to the Sermon on the Mount. He began roiling it up with wooden pitchforks. Boog Powell had recovered from the snails and with his pretty wife Jan was going over the menu again. Boog had en-

continued

A horn with some hamburgers, Wrestler Chris Taylor relishes his picture-taking session.



Repelled by rubber food served up by a psychologist, Boog Powell enjoys a real morsel.

chew the fat continued

dured a tense day. It was near the end of spring training and in an exhibition game that afternoon Boog had failed to hit. There was speculation in the press about who would be the Oriole designated pinch hitter. Boog Powell didn't want the job. "I'd play DH if I had to, but I surely don't like the idea," he said. In fact, Powell disliked the idea of being DH so much that he'd been dieting all winter and spring. Even more fabulous, he'd been jogging. "I run several miles a day, and then try not to make up for it at dinner," he said sadly.

The Caesar salad was served. Great morsels, glistening with raw egg. The headwaiter, who had initially introduced himself as Henri, stepped back like a midwife who had just delivered twins. "That's beautiful, Hank," said Powell, "but how about some forks?"

The joys and defeats of being a fat guy in sports are similar to those of being a fat guy anywhere else in life, but it seems

that the stakes are higher, the definitions more finely drawn. The fat athlete is simply more of an event than, say, a fat banker. A man who makes his living by moving his body around, sometimes colliding with other bodies; a man who pays the rent by hitting baseballs or throwing them, or wrestling Russians, or blocking punts is expected to be in shape. If a fat banker puffs through a game of paddle ball before a shampoo, it doesn't give us quite the same thrill.

And so, like a tubby Diogenes carrying a lamp that burned duck fat, I was looking for an honest athletic biggie, searching for some steadfast fatty who refused to diet, who refused to be bought off on principle: I sought the radiance of fat. Fat men need fat heroes. And they get more difficult to find. In a nation crazed with slimming, yogurt, hip-huggers and tourist-class airplane seats, the fat man searches in vain for an idol, for some porcine charisma.

There was a time when the fat man stood out as an image of strength, solid success and even sexual prowess. The strong man at the carnival had a gut like a pony keg; Diamond Jim Brady swilled quarts of orange juice between a dozen courses at Delmonico's; Babe Ruth fired down 12 hot dogs before a game; the 1937 Detroit Lions fired down a lot more than that; and who now could hope to match that wily walrus Taft, waddling through the Rose Garden? Rather than these fond memories of fat affluence, we concentrate on water diets, cholesterol levels, carbohydrate grams, life-span charts, Dexedrine.

Show business, a historical repository of lard, offers little relief. Jack E. Leonard is dead, predictably young, and Bob Hope appeared at the Weight Watchers 10th anniversary celebration in New York. There is William Conrad, who in *Conan* makes the misery of viewing slim stars a little easier to bear. Cannon puffs his way through criminals half his bulk, gets caught in turnstiles, eats tacos when he should be on a stakeout. But he is small, or rather large, relief. The late-night talk-show panels seem to be composed of doctors with mysterious accents who have just discovered how you can lose more weight, and the stars who endorse them. In the darkness of one a.m., the fatty begins to think that if the entire nation turned sideways there would be only 27 people left to count.

One of the definitive indications of the demise of the fat man is clothing. Any good 250-pounder in a pair of flared, double-knit slacks looks like a watermelon balanced on a pair of trumpets. And hot-combed hair turns pudgy faces into extras for a Brueghel oogy. Put a wide, white-plastic belt around a 44" waist, add stack-heel combat boots and a string of love beads, and you have a Hampshire boar in drag. There are endless torments: Levi's, waterbeds, the full lotus position, bus seats, children, antique chairs. . . .

But then it is 1970 and you are in front of the tube with a diet cola and some dry-roasted cashews. The American League's Most Valuable Player comes to the plate. My God! There's a bowling ball under his shirt! This guy is fat, and he is the best! Pass the chips and dip, please. Boog Powell knocks in two runs and lumps around third base. Something in you has taken pride, you undo the top button of your slacks. Everything is going to be all right.

We finished the Caesar salad and waited 20 minutes for the main course, getting regular butter-dish replacements for the sourdough bread. Hank finally came toward us rolling what appeared to be a surgical cart bearing our dinners. Boog had ordered steak Diane, a piece of filet pushed regularly with an empty champagne bottle until it reaches the appropriate thinness. The steak is rolled, with a filling of truffles, mushrooms, old Renaults, can-can bloomers, chunks of the Maginot Line, anything. At this point Hank whipped out a bottle of cognac and a cigarette lighter and began to torch everything that looked flammable. When the fire and smoke died down, Boog and Jan began talking about the agonies and ecstasies of being fat in sports.

"I'm six feet five," Powell said, "and I weigh 252. That's the best shape I've been in for a long time. At one time in my career I was up around 290." I plunged into my immaculate steak *au poivre* with renewed faith, as if the numbers themselves were a form of magic. "I just couldn't stop eating."

There is a story about Boog's irrepressible urge to eat that should be dear to the enlarged heart of any fat man. One recent winter Powell went on a cruise through the Caribbean. On the trip from Miami down to Key West a rough sea blew up. The ship was an emergency ward of seasickness. Few passengers were able or willing to go to the dining room that evening, but Powell put in an appearance. He ate well and vastly. The next morning one gray-faced passenger was heard to complain that he could not sleep. A large person kept running to the rail over his cabin. "It sounded like a wounded buffalo," he said. Even in the adverse conditions of hurricane, tornado, sleet, hail and the postman euphemisms for impossible weather, the biggie always manages to chow down. Even at the price of his own discomfort.

Back in 1965 the Oriole team doctor became concerned about Powell's rapid weight gains. Boog assured the doctor that he was as mystified as anyone about it. What Boog did not reveal was that the mystery, as old as gastronomy, was that the more you put in your mouth, the bigger your body gets. This is a mystery that has not yet found its savior, and the doctor did what he could: he sent Powell to a specialist. The endocrinologist reported, after a series of nothing-to-drink-after-midnight-and-no-breakfast

tests, that there was nothing wrong with Powell. He suspected furious eating to be at the root of the weight gain.

As Powell wavered on the brink of 280, a natural breaking point between "being big" and "he's fat," the team doctor sent him to consult a psychologist who dealt exclusively with the fat and famous. Through several sessions she and Powell probed his swelling psyche for the deep-seated, or wide-seated, reasons for his discontent. There was the usual tossing about of terms; oral orientation, insecurity, success replacement, autoeroticism, automat. . . . At the last session the psychologist declared that she could show Powell how to curb his desires and eat well. She pulled from a desk drawer a hard-rubber fried egg, painted in perfect detail. Then a rubber glass of orange juice and rubber toast with rubber margarine. "I couldn't believe it," Powell remembered with amazement. "Here I was a grown man and she was using visual aids

on me. She was just pulling out a rubber b.t.t. when I split for the door."

The misery of rubber food piled up on us like storm clouds, and before the rain broke in a shower of loss of appetite, we began a furious chowing down. Veins stood out on the temples, powerful jaws committed meat to memory, a thin sheen of perspiration under the eyes appeared. The second bottle of Médoc smelled of old life preservers in a flooded locker, but we drank it gratefully. There was some worry that if we complained, Hank might set the wine afire.

Cognac was served by a cocktail waitress. She brought shot glasses of brandy and dumped them into those joke-shop sniffers that usually have I BET YOU CAN'T painted on them. By this time Powell was feeling better. The steak Diane had blurred the recollection of his hitless day, the rubber food, the still pressing problem of being DH. We decided to retreat to Powell's house for coffee

continued

The proof is in the pudding, says pudgy Mickey Lolich, who has been a 20-game winner at 270.



chew the fat continued

fee. Hank forgot to set the check on fire.

In the Powells' sprawling ranch home with its 20- by 20-foot kitchen, the dining room is in a separate county. The decor is Spanish, and there are fireproof iron gates on the dining room entrance. "Those are to keep me out or in, depending on the season," Powell explained. He put a stack of Dave Dudley truck-driver-in' records on the elaborate stereo, and we settled down with coffee.

"A friend of mine once brought over some raw tuna," Powell remembered. "I was pretty suspicious, but we got some beer, put lots of salt on the tuna, and it was damn good." His eyes lit up. "In fact, raw tuna and raw grouper are my favorites now." Would you show this man a rubber ball?

The major problem for Powell, as it is for most fat men, is that great nemesis, grease. "Sometimes when you're driving, the car just seems to turn by itself into a McDonald's, and while you're there, you might as well get a large order of fries." This is not a legal definition of insanity,

but it helps define the overpowering urge for butter, fat, bacon and pork roast that lurks in a king-size body.

All the talk of food was making me hungry. Dave Dudley was moaning a lament about the loneliness of the American truck stop, the sun was making getting-up motions and Powell obviously was restless. "I've got a game against the Yankees today," he said, "and I probably ought to get something in my stomach first." Soon we were zooming down an interstate to one of those gigantic truck stops that have truck-washing buildings, sleeping barracks and tons of hash browns. A fleet of idling diesels had emphysema in the parking lot.

In diners truck drivers seem to be of two types: the skanky guys with long sideburns, tattoos and polished Wellington boots, and fat guys in green work pants with immense key chains and three slices of pie in front of them. Powell and I squeezed into a booth and ordered the standard hysterical breakfast that you always want if you've stayed up all night:

three eggs (fried), double order of sausage, toast, orange juice, hash browns and two pancakes for luck. "I don't do this very often anymore," Powell said as he savored the hash browns, "but once in a while nothing beats a good breakfast."

But as we ate I began to realize that Powell was indeed a thin man, 6'5" and 232. Trim. No more the gutbuster. Realizing the importance of change, Powell was poring down to get in tune with a whole new movement in sport. He would hold his first-base position. Another fatty who had succumbed to the pressures of reality and melted away to average size. My search for the steadfast fatty must continue. Powell's great breakfast, and dinner the night before, were essentially nostalgic, the way young ad execs listen to the 1956 hits of Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers.

Powell let me off at the Miami airport three hours before game time. I was armed with two bottles of Pepto-Bismol. I wanted to grab the stewardess and hi-

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jack the plane to the Mayo Clinic. I did have some revenge, however. The *New York Times*, reporting on that day's exhibition game between the Yankees and the Orioles, which the Orioles won, mentioned a curious fact. Speaking of the batting average of the Oriole DH, the *Times* noted, "Boog Powell helped raise that average today when he wasn't running sprints in the outfield. . . ." The guilty jogger got two hits, driving in two runs with a single in the first inning. God bless overwrought French restaurants, raw grouper and diners.

Chris Taylor called for me at my motel in Des Moines. He lives in Ames, some 40 miles away, but had to appear at a boys' club reception in Des Moines. The reception had lasted longer than expected; it was close to 7:30 and Taylor was ready for dinner. Since we were both unfamiliar with Des Moines, I asked the desk clerk where we could get the best steak. "Why here, of course, sir." A company man. He looked like a recent grad-

uate of a hotel and restaurant management school. He was doing his ingratiating best.

When you're taking a man who weighs 450 pounds to dinner you don't want to cast your fate at the uncertainty of a motel dining room. They nearly all have an invention that stuns fat men: portion control. The frozen steaks have been pared down on a band saw until they weigh exactly 12 ounces, the butter has been sliced with a scalpel, the potato grown in a hothouse for exact size.

But Taylor was getting impatient. He winked at me and turned to the clerk. "Suppose I pick you up and pull you across that desk. Do you think you might remember a steak house then?" Taylor did no more than wag his eyebrows but the clerk caved in. He quickly named 20 or so restaurants and even came up with a good place for breakfast in Norman, Okla. As we headed for the door he was reciting state capitals in alphabetical order.

When we arrived at Taylor's new

Plymouth Fury III, his fiancée, Lynne Hart, got into the back seat, leaving the two front buckets free for Taylor and me. I gallantly protested, but Lynne claimed that she was used to it. I fumbled with the seat belt as Taylor pulled out. "I don't use those things myself," he said. "I'd have to buy an extension. If you're as big as me, you just have to sit on them."

Indeed, the wheel was so close to Taylor's stomach, even with the seat jammed back, that you could hear the buttons of his Olympic blazer ping on the horn ring when he turned corners. Although Taylor was a considerate, relaxed driver, the traffic in Des Moines was the usual Saturday night passion play of supercharged engines, racing slicks, Hurst shifters and stop-light drag races. If we were in an accident, it would be listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the largest known Yorkshire pudding.

When you meet someone as awesome as Taylor, your first reaction is to ask him his weight. It is a kind of protective

continued





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chew the fat continued

device to keep from getting hurt, the way you hold a cross up to a vampire.

"Well, I just finished a speech at this boys' club," said Taylor, "and some kid asked me how much I could lift. I told him, 'Four hundred fifty pounds every morning when I get out of bed.'" Taylor had gone into the Munich Games last summer at 400, but he had just won the NCAA wrestling championship in Seattle at this new, astounding weight—450. The champ was immense. It made me feel better right away. On the plane to Des Moines, I kept seeing visions of a recent *New York Times* Sunday magazine cover that depicted four stages in the life of a fat-clogged artery. In the last stage the artery was about the size of a pencil. Yet here was a man who obviously ingested enough cholesterol to make the most stalwart cardiologist cringe, and he was a successful athlete. I could almost feel my arteries dilate with hope.

The restaurant was a specialty house: steak, lobster and pizza. It was a hyped-up place with things that looked real and weren't. The barn-wood walls turned out to be press-board paneling, and the cotton-weight napkins were paper. But the throngs at the tables were in some space/time transport of chowing down. The lobsters and steaks were being consumed as if the Chinese army were in Kansas City and due any minute.

The waitress looked like my mom. She looked like Taylor's mom, too. Her name was Lois, written in carnival stitching on a lavender hankie pinned to her uniform. Lois was very happy because a 101-year-old man had come in for his birthday dinner. "He ate an anchovy pizza and a helping of spumoni and left under his own power," she glowed. I hoped we'd be as lucky.

I experienced a certain uselessness in telling a 450-pound man "this is on me." He began to read the menu as if later he was going to be examined on its contents. Lois arrived with mugs of beer to help us in our deliberations.

There is always some doubt about the authenticity of a man as big as Taylor. Maybe he isn't an honest fat guy at all, perhaps he has maddened glands, maybe this is a fraternity prank, or elevator shoes, or some disease so rare it is unknown outside certain villages in Nepal. But Taylor's credentials are without peer. "When I was a boy I went to the University of Michigan medical center on and off for quite a while. It cost thou-

sands of dollars of insurance money, and my family had to pay a lot on top of that. When they were done, all they said was, 'Either you've got a gland problem, or you're a giant.' I wanted to say, 'Well, I know that.'"

The restaurant grew noisier as the fever pitch of lobster, steak and pizza demolishing reached a crescendo. Lois arrived with salads served in great Vermont wooden bowls that said MADE IN THE PHILIPPINES on the side. And the salads appeared to have veins and arteries, as if they were separate organisms with TVs and children of their own. In the dim light it took me some time to discover that it was merely shreds of red cabbage, a favorite Midwestern ingredient. The salads were capped with several dippertops of Thousand Island dressing. No portion control on these brutes. The terrified desk clerk had told the truth. After the war we would repatriate him back to his own country of computerized inkeeping. As we worked on the salads, Taylor talked about his childhood.

"I've had a potbelly since I was a child," he confessed. "My mother would worry once in a while, but you can't put a kid on a diet. And diets never work for me. I go on them for a week or so and then start cheating. I probably have to lose about 75 pounds. I'll do it, but I don't know how."

Did Taylor have any fat heroes when he was a boy? "Not really: you know, Mickey Mantle and the usual ones, but I did like Baby Huey in the comics. He was this giant duck who could pick up trains and buildings. I guess I've always liked the strength part of being big."

And yet kids now look up to Taylor and his weight. "I get letters from kids saying, 'I'm this old and I weigh this much, how can I be great?' I tell 'em, 'Well, kid . . .'" Taylor waves his fork and grins.

Lois arrived with the main course. Chris and Lynne had ordered one of the mainstays of Midwest elegance: Surf 'n' Turf. It is composed of a broiled African rock lobster tail, a coffee cup full of melted butter, a rare slab of sirloin and a mandatory mound of French fries. As you go further west, say by the time you get to the Montana border, this dish takes off the gloves and gets called by its more brutal name, Lob-Steak. Between the sweetness of the lobster tail and the juicy textures of the beef, some devotees of this dish have been known to expe-

rience swoons as deep and profound as those produced by fundamentalist preachers or rock stars.

It was the kind of restaurant where if you didn't order French fries 10', would be added to your bill as a kind of immigrant tax. I ordered a baked potato. Lois looked at me strangely. I must be either a lawyer, a heart surgeon or a homosexual. If I had ordered an artichoke and a glass of white wine, she would have called the sheriff. Since I'd ordered the "he-man" cut of prime rib, blue rare, she exonerated me.

The steaks on Chris and Lynne's Surf 'n' Turf had tiny plastic steers driven into them that read MEAT, MEAT and MEAT, WELL. When you pull these out, the juice bubbles from the wound. Taylor looked around the restaurant before addressing himself to the meal. He swept his fork about and intoned a quiet, heartfelt benediction, "Chow down."

We labored mightily and it was some time before we surfaced. Taylor had consumed several glasses of water while eating, the glass being replenished by Lois who seemed to have a sixth sense as she welded the styrofoam pitcher. "I drank about a pint of water with a steak," Taylor said. "Helps wash it down. Also, I love salt."

As we warmed to our task, Taylor took off his blazer. The question of clothing came up, a terminal misery for the fat. That problem for Taylor is compounded in inches: 54" waist, 60" chest, 23" neck and a 14EEE foot. "I have to send away to Big Man shops," he mused, "or go to one when I'm in the area. Probably the best thing for a fat man would be to go nude, but I don't know if I'd like that, either. Fat people don't turn me on."

There are for Taylor, as for the rest of the overweight underworld, endless small humiliations that emphasize his uniqueness. The fatty wanders around in a world that resembles a child's room full of dolly teacups and beds that end at the knee. Take, for instance, the Lilliputian demon who invented the tourist-class airline seat. Normal-size air travelers stoically endure this bow to economy, but it is agony for the fat man. "I've ridden tourist," said Taylor, "but I don't anymore. It's kind of embarrassing. You can't help grossing out the guy next to you."

And there are problems raised by the "straight" world regarding how to treat fat people. People always are offering you

food. "Here, do you want these toast crusts?" Or "I can't finish this pizza. Want it?" It's like those grammies in supermarkets who whirl around in the checkout line and offer you their green stamps.

Coming back on the airplane from the NCAA's in Seattle, Taylor was faced with just this situation. "They passed around this tray of little sandwiches, and they were awful. Some sort of fish paste. Nobody wanted them so the stewardess gave them to me. The whole tray for the airplane. I'm not a garbage can, but I took a bite out of each one so they couldn't pass them off on somebody else."

It was a week after the meat boycott as we hunched over our slabs of Iowa beef. "I ate meat through the whole thing," Taylor grinned. "Every time I pulled into a McDonald's for double cheeseburgers, I was helping the farmers. Those guys need to make a living, too, and I just did what I could." As I spread some more butter on my potato skin, a young fan came shyly to the table to ask for Taylor's autograph. Chris turned back when he had finished. "Now where were we? It's hard to get any time to yourself when you're so good-looking."

Lois arrived to take the dessert orders and I was amazed to see that Taylor hadn't cleaned his plate. There was a lone French fry and a shard or two of lobster. But it is quite true that most fat people don't eat enormous quantities, they just eat more often. "Before a match we sit down and have a steak and potatoes," said Taylor. "Then after the weigh-in, I go home and eat another meal. When I'm nervous, I don't even notice it."

Taylor comes close to the oldtime image of the strong man. He can press 750 pounds with his legs 25 times at a go. He can even stand on one leg. Try 450 pounds on your toes sometime. But if there was any doubt in Taylor's mind about his strength, he invented a muscle test for the 450-pound class.

Chris has a friend who also weighs 450 pounds. They drove out to a lake near Ames, presumably not in the same car, and dove in. The other guy, who is not an athlete, was a sort of control fatty. The idea was to float. The one farthest out of the water was the less muscular. "This guy was hardly getting wet," Taylor recalls, "he was so far out of the water. But I went down like a rock." Can you imagine a craved bass fisherman stumbling into his local tavern. "Boys,

continued

chew the fat (continued)

you'll never believe the monsters out there in Crystal Lake!"

Taylor has become Buddhistlike in his acceptance of his size. "I don't think of myself as fat, the rest of the world's too thin." And since he keeps an active schedule, he refuses to believe that his weight is a handicap. "Being big doesn't run my life. And besides, I've got a new theory. If I lose weight I might become sterile." Mysterious fears lurk in the oversize heart.

Taylor finished his second piece of lemon pie. I pulled out my Pepto-Bismol like a fraternity boy handling a flask at a football game. But Taylor was genuinely concerned that he hadn't eaten enough to make a good interview. At Lynne's urging, he finally admitted that they'd stopped at a McDonald's on the way to my motel. "I just couldn't wait until eight o'clock for dinner," he confessed.

Although Chris Taylor was joyously, proudly fat, he seemed to lack some essential quality in my search for the ultimate fat athlete. I still sought the nadir of lard. And so I stood in the lobby of New York's Roosevelt Hotel looking for a fat Detroit Tiger. He was wearing glasses and pugging through the morning papers, which rested comfortably on his paunch. Mickey Lolich, 22-game winner in 1972. We went to a coffee shop near the hotel for breakfast. It was full of secretaries and water-cooler cowboys pouring coffee and juice into their boilers. Someone was playing, at high volume, recordings of exploding crockery to set the pace for the day. I struggled into the booth, a masterpiece of Gestapo engineering, my gut pouring over the edge of the Formica. Lolich was less than dainty. It looked as though we were trying to break the table along its midline, there was so much pressure on it. Bigges often emerge from the obstacle course of the American coffee shop with what we professionals call "fat narcoosis" or "big bends." The waitress threw menus at us from a distance. Time to feed the *Planet of the Apes*. She returned hours later to take our orders, a fat white pencil sticking out of her wig.

Mickey Lolich and the waitress then engaged in a time-honored American custom, an existential debate on the order of the universe.

ML: I'll have everything on the right-hand page

W: Shura.

ML: O.K., I'd like a cheese and jelly omelet with four eggs, toast and lots of coffee.

W: Did ya want the jelly *inside* the omelet or on the side?

ML: Do you think you could get them to put it inside?

W: Maybe, but it'll cost ya. About a buck extra. It's better if I just bring you some extra packages of jelly on a plate. That way they think it's for your toast. So you just want a cheese omelet.

ML: O.K., with extra jelly for my toast.

W: Shura.

ML: You probably have to bring a guy down in a cab to get the jelly inside.

W: Shura.

"My biggest meal is usually breakfast," said Lolich. "But I wouldn't call it big. I grew up in Oregon, and I like the logger's breakfast: three eggs, hash browns, pancakes, muffins, pork chops or sausage and thick coffee."

Lolich was to pitch against the Yankees that afternoon. When he works, he eats only breakfast. Even after the game, he's still too "up" to eat. "My wife kids me about not eating lunch like the other guys before a game. She claims I do it so that by the sixth inning I'm so hungry I start bearing down so I can get off the mound and up to a table."

But Lolich wasn't always a big eater. In fact, he was once normal. "I was a scrawny kid. When I went off the diving board at the swimming pool I had to hold onto my trunks coming up." Lolich's rise to 220 pounds from 185 began in the Carolina League. At six feet even, 185 was a perfect "athletic" weight. Lolich was trim, quick and ready. The trouble was that on a Sunday, 100" and humid, he was worn out by the seventh inning. "I perspire a lot, and I'd just run out of gas." He was so lean then that it was difficult to find a uniform that didn't sag on him. He's now gone from a 28" waist to a respectable 38".

In 1962 Lolich was playing for a Class AAA team in Portland, Ore. The Tiger general manager, who was impressed by the pitcher's potential, suggested a cure for the energy drain: more weight. Imagine if after your next physical the doctor said, "I'd like to see you put on 40 pounds." Home cooking helped. Soon Lolich was pitching at 200 pounds. It was going a little better. By 1966 he was up to 206 and it was going much

better. "I'd put on a few pounds off-season and not worry too much," he said. "I'd think, well, I can always take it off in the spring. Then I'd go out there and pitch great."

To some extent, Lolich's gut has been his success. As he added weight, he pitched better. Along with Chicago's Wilbur Wood and Boston's Luis Tiant, there's a lot of beef on the mound lately. But Lolich is irritated by at least part of his image. When someone says "Mickey Lolich" you think of pizza and beer immediately. But it's always a mistake to bring fat heroes into your own dark recesses of lard. "I worked for a pizza company in Detroit for two years. I did their TV advertising, and I must have been convincing. In fact, I built up such a good image that they just dumped me once my association with the product had been established. But I still meet people who think I own the company. I go a month sometimes without a pizza. And I never touch beer. Maybe one after a game, but never at home. In fact, I'm not much of a drinker. I drink maybe eight highballs in a year."

Lolich's downfall is simply quantity. He's a steak-and-potatoes man; he rarely eats bread or snacks. It is the breakfasts and dinners that keep Lolich overweight and winning.

Our breakfast arrives, a two-fisted omelet for Lolich with a side order of jelly. Lolich pours a few spoons of sugar into his coffee. "I grew up staying with my grandparents a lot. They used to make old-fashioned coffee. You boil water, throw in the grounds and let it work for a while. You've got to cut it with a lot of milk and sugar."

Lolich's gut has been a blessing and a torment as far as fans are concerned. "I get ribbed a lot, particularly away from home, but it's easy to reverse that. Some guys go out to play on the road and nobody ever heard of them, even with their names right on their backs. I can put on my jacket and they still know who I am."

Sometimes on the road I sprint along the outfield wall to stay loose, and I hear it start. They call me 'Jelly Belly.' 'Whale Belly,' and anything else they can think of. I take it for a while, then I stop and walk over and say, 'Would you like me to pitch for your team? Would I be fat then?'"

There is one fan on the road who works unmercifully on Lolich. "I don't want to say what city it is, because I pitch so well

(continued)

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against them, and I don't want them to remove this guy. He sits right behind the third-base dugout, and he's a real leather-lungs. He just keeps it up all afternoon. By the sixth inning, I'm hypnotized. It's like a chant, and I can really come down on those guys. I wish I could take that dummy everywhere."

But things can turn quickly against the fat athlete. Lolich was having a disappointing season the day we breakfasted, a 2-4 record. The letters were coming in from Tiger fans demanding the Sullenan water diet for him, saying he should pay a fine if he was caught with a pizza in his hand. Lolich is steadfast in his response, and remains true to fattydom. Patting his gut, he said, "I think I'll just keep the tools I've got. And remember my watchword for this year: there are lots of skinny guys with bad arms."

Lolich mysteriously alluded to certain medical reasons for the size of his stomach. "It may have something to do with the way I breathe when I'm pitching," he hinted. But he finally had to add, "I

asked the surgeons at Ford Hospital in Detroit what they would charge for a stomach amputation."

As for clothing, Lolich admitted that he sometimes succumbs to vanity like many fat men. "I wear a 38" waist, but sometimes I get a 36 for kicks. You've got to watch those double knees, though. Some of them are still like old pegged pants." Four years ago Lolich went to spring training at his normal weight of 220, but he pulled his pants up over his paunch. He usually wears his pants slung under his belly like a Southern auctioneer or a Little League umpire. Teammates were astounded, for it looked as though he had lost pounds. "After two weeks I put them down where they belonged, and when I showed up at the park, guys said, 'Damn, what did you do last night?'"

Lolich got bored with questions about his stomach. It was becoming a separate celebrity. So he put people off by claiming heredity. All the Loliches, he announced, had big bellies. But that story

won't work anymore. His cousin Ron now plays for Cleveland. He is svelte. But Mickey pointed out, "The last couple of months Ronnie has been hitting .091. He's just got to fatten up and you'll see that average climb."

The secretaries and cowboys had dashed off to work. The only people abroad in coffee shops at 10 a.m. are ballplayers, writers and derelicts. Lolich and I worked out of the tiny booth.

As we said goodbye, I realized that Lolich was almost the St. Francis of fat men. He is a sacrifice to the rest of the obese world of spectators. As he said, "When I'm out there pitching a Saturday game that is nationally televised, there is a fat guy in front of the set at home in his T-shirt and shorts. He looks at me and says, 'See, Mabel, that guy's fat just like me. Now get me another beer, will ya!'"

And don't forget the chips, dip, popcorn, cheese puffs, pizza, Slim Jims, pickled eggs, Cokes, burgers, egg rolls, French fries, sausage links, tacos, butter, pickles, hot dogs. **END**

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

YANKEE BANDWAGON

Sirs:

Your July 2 cover with Bobby Murcer and Ron Blomberg was the best you have had since the one featuring the two superstars of the Boston Bruins, Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito (May 8, 1972). The Yankees just might go all the way. They certainly have the talent.

MARY SITKIN

Chicopec, Mass.

Sirs:

Congratulations on a fantastic article (*Postscript: Are Back in Style*). The Yankees are the talk of the area and pennant fever is rising. You overlooked some players, though. Fred Beene, a mediocre pitcher last year, has become an excellent middle- to late-inning relief specialist, and Gene Michael is having a super season at shortstop, both offensively and defensively. He ranks up there with Aparicio, Campanero and Patek.

SILVEN SARRIL

Union, N.J.

Sirs:

Congratulations on discovering the new New York Yankees. But why feature a part-time infielder with Bobby Murcer on the cover? McStottleny certainly merits a picture somewhere in the story. The only Yankee player left from the last pennant season of 1964, he has retained the genuine pride of the Yankees through nine weary seasons.

ED HURLEY

Queens Village, N.Y.

Sirs:

After almost a decade of misery everyone is jumping on the Yankee bandwagon. Praise is being heaped on Ralph Houk, Sparky Lyle, Bobby Murcer and, strangely enough, Ron Blomberg. William Leggett had the audacity to draw a comparison between Blomberg and two of the most complete players of the past, Ted Williams and Stan Musial. Sure, Blomberg was hitting .400, but as of June 28 he had been to the plate only 157 times. Compare him with Minnesota's Rod Carew, who was hitting an honest .335 in 286 plate appearances. A true .400 hitter can face left-handers and right-handers with equal success.

MIKE MORRARTY

Plantation, Fla.

Sirs:

Met fans all over New York are sulking. We are spoiled, we are used to having all the attention. Now instead of household names like Molner, Mays and Seaver it is

Lyle, Nettles and Munson. Break up the Yankees! I can't stand it.

ROBERT MARAGOLIN

Dear Park, N.Y.

A LOOK AT CHINA

Sirs:

While reading and enjoying William Johnson's article (*Coverage: Time in Peking*, July 2), I felt that one key point was neglected, that being the importance of sports in a country like China. While citizens of the U.S. are able to express themselves quite freely, the Maoist government has been extremely specific in defining how far a Chinese citizen can go in expressing himself. A basketball player, however, can release his inhibitions, although he must be ready to sacrifice himself to his team. The freedom the Chinese players enjoyed on the court was exemplified by their behind-the-back, over-the-head passes, by their fast-breaking offense and their free-wheeling defense. Their play was almost antithetical to their disciplined society. These games showed me how important sports are. They preserve a freedom of expression that can never be infringed upon.

EARL CHRISTIE

Bronxville, N.Y.

Sirs:

The article by William Johnson was excellent except for two things: 1) the picture on page 14 shows Quinn Buckner, Linda White, Ronnie Robinson and Jim Andrews, not Rich Kelley as your caption says; and 2) the picture on page 15 shows Andrews again, not Kelley, shaking hands with Madame Mao. Since Jim is one of the few from this area to make it big in college (University of Kentucky) and may be the poet, I think he should be recognized.

JEFF CART

Lima, Ohio

● We didn't recognize Andrews in his new Kelley-like mustache. Our apologies to both.—ED.

NOT PUSHY

Sirs:

As the father of Steve Parsons, the one-year-old track record holder mentioned in your May 21 *FACTS IN THE CLOSET*, I feel I should answer Stuart G. Morris' letter (June 11) suggesting that my wife and I may be "pushy parents." I can assure Mr. Morris and any others concerned that Steve entered into his track experience with the same positive excitement and enjoyment with which he "vacuums" the floor, "bathes" his sister and imitates adult speech. He exhibits the

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

normal defense mechanism of identification. As the son of a coach, he has identified with running as a positive adult activity—just as a farm boy is interested in plants and animals.

Mr. Morris should be happy to know that Steve has never been, and hopefully will never be, pushed into any form of athletics. I cherish the advantages of athletics too much to make them a chore to my son. Only enjoyment, without the emotional overtones of competition, will determine how much running my son chooses to do. His one-year-old age-group records will hopefully be used as a humorous conversation piece in years to come.

JERRY PARSONS

Northfield, Ill.

Sirs:

In response to Arthur M. Bradford's letter (June 11), I would like to point out that many of the concerns he expresses about distance-running programs for children have been under investigation by some of us who are involved in the conduct of these age-group programs.

It has been my experience in more than 12 years of coaching track and dealing with the medical aspects of preadolescent athletes that sports injuries are rather rare in this age group. It is only with the onset of puberty and its subsequent muscular maturity that serious injuries such as pulled muscles, shin splints and ligamentous sprains occur. Our physiological studies also indicate that the hearts, lungs and circulation systems of children are as well able to adapt to the stresses of distance running as those of more mature runners.

On the other hand, I must join Mr. Bradford in condemning the psychological effects of some of the high-pressure coaching techniques that he has observed. We have found that the drop-out rate among youngsters who participate in California's age-group cross-country programs is nearly 50% per year. Certainly we must seek to make competitive sports more relaxed and enjoyable for these young people so that their talents can be nurtured, not destroyed.

C. HARMON BROWN, M.D.
 Chairman
 AAA Girls' Age Group
 Track and Field Committee

San Mateo, Calif.

HAPPY PLAYERS

Sirs:

You were kind enough to print some remarks from a speech I gave to the international Little League convention (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, June 18). As the psychiatric member of the National Athletic Health Institute's Medical Advisory Board, I am interested in improving the quality of the athlete's experience in sports. We are trying to work through man-

continued

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19TH HOLE *Continued*

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San Diego

MORE ON GRAPHITE

Sirs,

We were very pleased to see the coverage you gave recently to the controversy over the use of graphite in golf-club shafts (*A Power Hitter Goes on Trial*, June 4). The pros and cons of the shaft were handled quite well, however, your comment on the origin of the graphite material itself was in error. The graphite fiber used in golf shafts is a very sophisticated high-performance reinforcement that has been in the research and development stage for seven years. It is manufactured by a complex process that involves carbonizing synthetic (polyacrylonitrile) fiber in an inert atmosphere at temperatures approaching 5000 Fahrenheit.

This fiber is then combined with a high-performance resin such as the epoxy resin used in the Akita shaft. These reinforced plastic materials have demonstrated weight savings of more than 50% over comparable aluminum parts. This new material has other unique characteristics, such as high vibration damping and low thermal expansion. Vibrations in carbon composite structures stop in as little as one-tenth the time seen in metallic structures. Dimensional alterations resulting from temperature changes are generally one-fiftieth of what is normally expected with other materials. The material also has fatigue characteristics superior to metals. Until recently, the applications have been limited to prototype aerospace structures. The cost of the material has limited wider usage in commercial applications.

The golf shaft is only one of the applications involving sports equipment that are currently being pursued. Tennis rackets, javelins, archery products and other sporting equipment are not far behind.

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